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1



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LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER



LIDZ IS THE RARA AVIS IN THE MIDDLE HERE

Writer-Reporter Franz Lidz logged exactly 15,598 miles to research his story on Boogie board inventor Tom Morey (page 52), and that's about a mile for every time he has been asked whether he's related to Franz Liszt, the composer. Lidz is related to Woody Allen (albeit distantly), as is his sense of humor, which Lidz and his pet parrots, Peter Rabbit and Mrs. Falbo, recently made clear on *Late Night with David Letterman*. Lidz told Letterman, "Pete speaks 16 bird dialects, including Loon. He's learning Waring Blender, but I can't let him get too close to ours. He thinks it's a Jacuzzi."

When Lidz, a lanky 6' 2", came to SI for a job interview two years ago this August, the temperature was 102° and he wore black Converse hightops, a wool sport coat and a hunted look. His résumé read like a picaresque novel. He'd been a DJ, a soda jerk, an improvisational actor, a wanderer through South America, a cabbie in Boston, a snail gander in Philadelphia and a bus driver near Baltimore, which is where he met his wife, Maggie, when she was one of his passengers. ("She still owes me for the fare.") Lidz even did substitute teaching, briefly at West Philadelphia High, where Gene Banks, now of the NBA's San Antonio Spurs, was one of his math students. "He subbed for Mr. Steketee," Banks re-

calls. "He had us going real good."

Lidz finally chose journalism because "I wanted to find an 'ism' that wouldn't become a 'wasm.'" He signed on first with a weekly in Sanford, Maine and began banking occasional finders' fees from the *National Enquirer* for story ideas he'd pass along, e.g., WOMAN LOSES MEMORY FOR LAST 16 YRS. OF LIFE, FORGETS KIDS, and NORWAY BISHOP SAYS NUDISM MAKES FRIENDS, FIGHTS PROBLEMS.

When Lidz shuffled into Managing Editor Gil Rogin's office that steamy August day, Rogin was struggling to open a jar of orange juice.

"Here, open this and you can have the job," he told Lidz.

With a flick of the wrist, Lidz did it, handed the jar back and asked, "When do I start?"

For Lidz, lids proved easier than the Morey story, though Lidz's late father, an electronics engineer, designed the first transistorized portable tape recorder. "Morey tended to spin off in his own weird orbit like a runaway satellite," Lidz says. "I felt like mission control trying to guide him back on course."

Lidz, who's as likely to write about black flies as baseball, mixes the offbeat and sports, as you'd expect of someone who went to Rod Serling's college (Antioch) and Reggie Jackson's high school (Cheltenham, Pa.). But sports don't run in his family, even if inventiveness and humor do. "One of my uncles was a classic paranoid who couldn't sit through a football game," he says. "He thought the guys in the huddle were talking about him."

Suffice it to say, Franz is a prime suspect in any practical joke around the office, but when he gets too effervescent we simply parrot the punch line from a typical dialogue with Peter Rabbit.

Lidz: Peter Rabbit.

Peter: Peter Rabbit.

Lidz: Peter Rabbit.

Peter: Stop it.

Philip D. Harker



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VIEWPOINT

by ARNOLD SCHECHTER

A COLLEGE BASKETBALL SHOT CLOCK IS A TIMER WHOSE TIME HAS TRULY COME

Propose a shot clock to most college basketball fans and they act as if you've suggested putting long skirts on the cheerleaders. They seem to fear that any kind of clock—24-, 30-, 45- or 60-second—might botch up their cherished game.

But the arguments for a shot clock are more persuasive than ever, because, despite this year's tense North Carolina-Georgetown NCAA final, college basketball is becoming a study in tedium. Scoring has been declining since 1973, and this season it fell to the lowest per-game average in 30 years (111.5 for both teams).

The very nature of basketball as a team sport has been subverted, as five-man efforts to make field goals have been re-

placed by one-man efforts to make foul shots. In the past decade, the number of field-goal attempts per game has decreased 20%, while the number of free-throw attempts has increased 9%.

Many observers blame these trends on overly conservative coaches who are relying on zone defenses and cautious offenses. But whatever the cause, game after game has been played either with both teams exhibiting extreme patience or with the team ahead playing keep-away and parading to the foul line. Spectators have suffered through such actionless occasions as Missouri beating Kansas 41-35 and 42-41; Virginia beating North Carolina State 39-36 and 45-40; Notre Dame making 213 passes before shooting in one possession against Kentucky; and North Carolina making 15 foul shots and no field goals in the last 12 minutes of its game at Clemson.

But one league has sensibly gone against this flow. The six schools in the

Sun Belt Conference—South Alabama, Alabama-Birmingham, Jacksonville, Virginia Commonwealth, North Carolina-Charlotte and South Florida—have been using a 45-second shot clock for four seasons, to the acclaim of coaches, players and fans. The Sun Belt's positive experience, combined with the other compelling reasons that can be mustered in favor of the shot clock, proves that the 45-second clock is a timer whose time has come.

Here are the most common objections to the clock, and why each can safely be overruled:

1. College basketball is at peak popularity, and we shouldn't tamper with success.

• Even dedicated fans can't enjoy a game played in slow motion. And indeed, the Sun Belt, after having its 1978 tournament end in a 22-20 game, adopted the clock specifically to keep its teams from alienating fans with stallball. Says South Alabama Coach Cliff Ellis, "When a



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family spends \$40 on tickets, food and beverages, a 22-20 game won't make them happy. We're in the entertainment business, and that's not entertainment."

Also, slowdowns are as unpopular with players as with fans. While players don't mind dribbling, passing and taking foul shots, they occasionally like to try for a field goal as well. "A stalling game is a game between coaches," says Bob Wenzel, the Jacksonville coach. "But the clock gives the game back to the players." 2. A clock will make the patterned college game too much like the high-scoring, run-and-gun pro version.

• A shot clock does boost scoring to a certain extent by producing continuous attempts at field goals. In the four years of its trial, no Sun Belt team has been able to win a conference game without scoring at least 50 points. And this year, scoring in Sun Belt regular-season conference play (141.8 for both teams) averaged about 20 points more per game than

in leagues like the ACC and Big Ten.

Nevertheless, with a 45-second clock, deliberately paced, moderately low-scoring games are still possible. There have been many Sun Belt games in which the winner scored in the 50s or 60s and wasn't called once for a clock violation.

The clock even permits a degree of stalling. Says J.D. Barnett, coach of Virginia Commonwealth, "When I want to milk the clock, I just tell my team to make 10 passes before going for the basket." Adds Ellis, "The clock doesn't let you freeze, but it lets you tease."

3. If a clock were adopted, the colleges would have to outlaw zone defenses, because an offense wouldn't have time to create a good shot against a zone.

• Any coach who can't figure out how to penetrate a zone within 45 seconds should give his Cadillac back to the alumni. "There's no problem attacking a zone in that length of time," says UAB Coach Gene Bartow. "You can do any-

thing you want, and do it several times."

Sun Belt teams have almost never had difficulty playing beat the clock, no matter what defense they faced. Of the 17,085 shots taken in 164 conference games this year, 95% were put up during the first 29 seconds of possession. And in all those games, a total of only 19 clock violations were called. Wenzel says, "You rarely notice the clock. Outside of eliminating the atrocity of total offensive inaction, it isn't a factor."

4. Underdogs need the delay game, because it helps them compete with better teams by letting less-talented clubs control the ball and thus shorten the game.

• Underdogs can often use a slowdown to keep the score respectable or to pull an upset, but when stalling is a gimmick that lasts most of the game, it cheapens the value of a win.

And while the delay game can help an underdog compete, it can also help a superior team hold a lead. Stalling, after all,

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wasn't perfected by weaklings, but by, among others, Coach Dean Smith's powerful North Carolina teams. According to Smith, from 1966 through 1972 the Tar Heels went to their four-corners delay offense 107 times to protect a lead, and won all but twice. This year they didn't lose a single game after going to their delay. The many underdogs they beat could hardly have done worse if a clock had been used.

5. A clock would be redundant, because there are already rules to force action in the game.

• The current rules to force action are too clumsy and complicated. They require referees to monitor the position of the ball on the court, make 5- and 10-second counts, gauge the distances between offensive and defensive players, judge the degree of action, issue warnings and call held balls (be-ups) and technical fouls.

This cumbersome machinery overburdens officials, and it forces only ball

movement, not attacks at the basket. With a clock on the job, all these rules could be scrapped.

6. Although college ball may have to accept a clock as a necessary evil, it should be turned off with a few minutes left in the game so that the team ahead will have a decent chance to protect its lead.

• The Sun Belt does turn off the clock with four minutes left, but only so that its teams can play under the same end-of-game conditions that all teams must play under in the NCAA tournament.

But if every game had a clock, it would be fairer to leave it on for the full 40 minutes. It's absurd to play 36 minutes under one set of rules and the last four minutes under another, especially because turning off the clock would decrease the possibility for the most dramatic climax in sports, the come-from-behind win.

7. Coaches are the people best qualified to judge the merits of a clock, and most of them oppose it.

• For years, an overwhelming majority of coaches has rejected proposals to adopt any kind of shot clock. But the tide is turning. A recent NCAA poll of 1,484 college coaches and referees showed that 45% of the coaches and 60% of the referees favored the general notion of using a clock. Among coaches, support for the 45-second clock has gone from 13% to 30% since 1980, and the prestigious ACC seems likely to vote in a 45-second clock for next season during its annual meeting on May 15.

The Sun Belt coaches, who have lived with the clock, enthusiastically recommend it for general use by a count of five to one. But until this enthusiasm carries over to the more timid and shortsighted of their colleagues, college basketball will continue to feed us much of the same stale diet: games in which the action has been nearly paralyzed, and teams that try to sit on a lead long enough to make it hatch into a victory.

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BOOKTALK

by ART HILL

THIS NOVEL INVOLVES "J.D. SALINGER,"
BUT THE CATCHER IS BEHIND THE PLATE

You're probably not going to believe this, and I wouldn't blame you, but a man named W.P. Kinsella has written a novel about a man named Ray Kinsella who builds a baseball park in an Iowa cornfield in the hope that Shoeless Joe Jackson will come there to play.

It's impossible to summarize the plot of *Shoeless Joe* (Houghton Mifflin Company, \$11.95), so I won't try. But you might like to know that Jackson for his ghostly does come to Iowa to play ball and eventually brings with him all his teammates from the 1919 Black Sox, thus proving that there is baseball after death and, equally important, that even throwing the World Series isn't an irremediable sin if you honestly repent and truly love the game.

Like Joan of Arc, Kinsella (the hero, not the author) hears voices, or rather a voice, that tells him to build the baseball field 50 yards from his house and, later, to find J.D. Salinger, the resolutely reclusive author of *The Catcher in the Rye*, and "ease his pain." Salinger eventually becomes a major character in the story and, once his reticence is penetrated, turns out to be a dedicated baseball fan and a heck of a nice guy. "Call me Jerry," he says.

The voice is never identified, but it's pretty clear that it's not divine, as Joan's was, but that of some disembodied public-address announcer. To me, a lifelong Tiger fan, it sounds very much like that of Detroit's Joe Gentile. Other readers, other voices.

"Is it always the same?" Jerry asks about Kinsella's mystical ball park. The basic fantasy never changes, he is told, but each experience is distinctly different because "Baseball games are like snowflakes and fingerprints; no two are ever the same." This is a truism, familiar to all baseball fans and no less significant because it is equally true of other sports. But the enduring fact is that while, in retrospect, all volleyball games tend to look very much alike, in the memory of even the oldest fan every baseball game has a shape all its own.

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FAMILIAR BIRDS OF NORTH AMERICA.

Moonlight Graham, a real person who played one inning in rightfield for the New York Giants in 1905, is another of this book's spectral characters. He died in 1965, but he comes back in *Shoeless Joe*, first as an aging and beloved family doctor in Chisholm, Minn. and then as a young man starting out to become a ballplayer. The fact that he is starting from Minnesota, where he died, rather than from North Carolina, where he grew up, doesn't seem to bother anyone. Least of all you. By the time you get to this part, you believe.

And then there is *Kid Scissons*, the Oldest Living Chicago Cub, who turns out to be a fraud, but a lovable one. Everyone in the book is lovable, in fact, with the exception of the narrator's rapacious brother-in-law, who is determined to foreclose on the Kinsella mortgage, bulldoze the ball park and sell the farm, along with half the county, to a huge, unfeeling, computerized agricultural conglomerate. Needless to say, he doesn't succeed. This isn't the kind of story in which evil men prosper.

I don't quite know what more to tell you about this book. I can't even promise you'll like it. If you dislike fantasy but love baseball (a fair description of me), you'll be torn—but I suspect baseball will win. Kinsella, the writer, has made up a story that in other hands might degenerate into foolishness, and made it work. In his creation of Ray Kinsella, this hapless dreamer, this Prufrock who has measured out his life with infield outs, the author has come very close to explaining the magical hold that this strange and complex game has on some of us—the chosen.

Actually, it's Jerry who comes closest to putting it into words. "I don't have to tell you," he says, "that the one constant through all the years has been baseball. America has been erased like a blackboard, only to be rebuilt and then erased again. But baseball has marked time while America has rolled by like a procession of steamrollers. It is the same game that Moonlight Graham played in 1905. It is a living part of history, like calico dresses, stone crockery, and threshing crews eating at outdoor tables. It continually reminds us of what once was, like an Indian-head penny in a handful of new coins."

Perhaps the real J.D. Salinger would have said it better. (Maybe he will.) But this will do for now.

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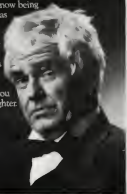
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STATS

by ALEXANDER WOLFF

**WHAT YOU NEED TO GET A BALL AT A
BASEBALL GAME ARE THESE FOUL TIPS**

A friend of mine brought his glove and lofty expectations to Yankee Stadium on his eighth birthday. He left so crushed at not having caught a foul ball that he began to cry. Fortunately he also brought his mother, who was reduced to slipping a grounds-keeper type two bucks for a ball—labeled as a Cleve Boyer foul-tip—at the players' entrance after the game. It's heartening that my friend recovered from the episode to lead a normal life because, more than 20 years later, scores of kids still harbor the same hopes.

"The first time you take a kid to a game and he sees a foul ball go into the stands, he always asks, 'Ya mean ya get to keep it?'" says Cliff Frohlich of Oakland, formerly of Galveston, Texas, a 24-year-old baseball-loving father of five who has surely been asked the question at least five times. By his second game, of course, the child is a pant-sized Pongloss with glove in tow. "It seemed remarkable to me that every kid in America wants a foul ball, but no adult has bothered to figure out how to get them scientifically," Frohlich says.

So four seasons ago, Frohlich and a friend, Gary Scott, also of Galveston, decided to chart almost 1,000 foul balls during 57 games in Houston's Astrodome to find out where a fan might best sit to spear one. Frohlich and Scott are physicists most comfortable writing for publications like the *Journal of Geophysical Research*. But as fodder for scientific inquiry, they decided, baseball is as good as anything. After all, what's fair's fair—and so, also, what's foul.

Their findings—revealed in the latest number of the *Baseball Research Journal*, a sort of *Antioch Review* for the diamond set that offers trenchant articles like "Changing Patterns of Major League Schedules Since 1876" and "The History of The Sacrifice Fly"—luck up plenty of lime. To Scott, who studies the earth's magnetic forces, and Frohlich, who specializes in seismology, baselines are as active as fault lines. Foul balls leave the field of play off a right-handed hitter's bat

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STATS continued

most often toward the right; off lefties' bats, toward the left. The handedness of pitcher and batter has no effect on the number of fouls that will result from their facing each other. Strikeout pitchers like Joe Sambito and Nolan Ryan serve up more than twice as many fouls as control pitchers like Vern Riffe.

"We never could determine what kind of hitter hits more fouls," Frohlich says. "Whether they're 'contact' or big-swing hitters. But poor hitters don't hit much of anything, fair or foul." Of course, balls reach the grandstand most often in parks with little foul territory. But the most important variable is the size of the screen behind home plate. For example, in Toronto's Exhibition Stadium, with its 25-foot-high backstop, you'll get up to 30 and 40 grandstand fouls a game; in the Astrodome, on the other hand, just 17 fouls a game avoid the 50-foot-high screen and reach the stands. Players produced 31 souvenirs but just one run in Houston's 17-inning defeat of the Cubs on Aug. 23, 1980; by contrast, on Opening Day in 1979, Phil Niekro's knuckleballs helped limit the number of grandstand fouls to five. A typical game in the Dome drew roughly 25,000 spectators and produced 17 foul balls that reached the seats, meaning a fan had a poor chance of having a baseball come his way.

Neither Frohlich nor Scott caught a foul ball during the research—or ever has, for that matter. "But we never really attempted to," Frohlich says. "We tended to sit in the upper deck, off to the side, where we could see. If I went to 50 games, sat in the right place each time and was aggressive, I could get one."

He has several foul, uh, tips: Adopt a determined men and sit along the first-base line, two rows in, within 40 feet of first. It's helpful if there's an Exhibition Stadium-size screen and an Oakland Coliseum-size crowd, circa 1979. ("Say they get 300 people and there are 30 fouls a game," says Frohlich, his voice registering excitement on a Richter-scale scale. "Every 10th person would take one home: an aggressive kid, two.") Then wait for a right-handed .330 hitter to face a pitcher with a withering fastball, and the count to work itself to 3 and 2. The pitch is likely to be near the plate and the batter likely to swing. Nirvana.

A caveat for the kids: Rule that glove of yours out of play. "A good lacrosse defenseman's stick," Frohlich says. "That would be the way to go."

END

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Sideline

by DAVE POSTER

**LET'S GIVE THIS COMPANY A HUGE HAND
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There are two qualities that most sports fans in the U.S. lack: indifference and fear of the camera. From Syracuse, N.Y. to Tuscaloosa, Ala., fans can be seen thrusting their index fingers in front of TV cameras after each basket, touchdown, goal, etc. and proclaiming, "We're Number One!" These fans want to be long. They want everyone else to know where their loyalties lie and just what they think of their beloved team. Nowadays the finger appears not only in the flesh but also in a larger-than-life, foam form, thanks to GERAL FAUSS, a 34-year-old resident of Houston.

Fauss's brainstorm has spawned Spirit Hand Novelties, Inc., of which he is president. The company's main product is a polyurethane-foam hand—examples of which were displayed at virtually every NCAA basketball game last season. Fauss's hands are sold to fans on the high school, collegiate and professional levels. They now are also waved during business and political conventions and are even shipped to purchasers as far away as Saudi Arabia.

Fauss didn't plan any of this. Thirteen years ago he began teaching industrial arts at Cypress-Fairbanks High, outside of Houston. In 1977 the school's football team was to play for the district championship. In preparation for that great occasion, Fauss made 400 Masonite hands, index finger extended, proclaiming the school No. 1. Three days later all 400 were sold. Next, Fauss decided to test-market his product at the 1978 Cotton Bowl between Texas and Notre Dame. He made, by hand, hundreds of heavy Masonite Texas-#1 hands and lugged them to the game. Twenty minutes after he got there, they were all sold.

Fauss knew his goods were marketable. The catch was that the weight of the hands prevented large-volume sales. First he tried Styrofoam—lighter but too fragile. It's hard to claim to be the best while waving half a finger. He finally chose polyurethane, a form of man-made sponge that's also used for NERF prod-

ucts. Operating out of his father's abandoned sheet-metal factory, Fauss and a handful of employees began slapping out hands. Spirit Hand Novelties, Inc. was born.

The company contracted with 22 stores along Bourbon Street in New Orleans to sell Penn State and 'Bama hands before the two teams' showdown in the 1979 Sugar Bowl. By kick-off, all of the stores had sold out. The game gave Spirit Hand necessary exposure. Many fans then and since have wanted to locate the company so they could get hands for their team, but Spirit Hand doesn't advertise much, which makes it hard to find. But as Fauss says, "With a little research, customers can finally put the finger on us."

Though he now consults marketing people, Fauss runs his company the old-fashioned way. Spirit Hand is small, along with Fauss, four other people work in the office, while seven employees staff the factory. Originally, Spirit Hand made only 150 to 300 hands a day; now it produces 1,800 to 3,000 on a normal day, and as many as 5,000 when it's geared up to meet the demand during the weeks of football and basketball playoffs. Spirit Hand is independent of any large corporation. Several big companies have expressed an interest in buying it, but Fauss says he has no interest in selling. A hands-off policy, so to speak.

Asked why his hands are so popular, Fauss says, "Fans like to wave things during games. It's just another thing to wave." Being a fan is an active pastime, and it seems likely that the hand has evolved from the more familiar pennant and pompos.

Democracy has a role in all this, too. With fewer sports dynasties around, every team gets a shot at the glory. Parity is here to stay, and its creation has allowed fans to shun second place as good enough. No. 2 be damned: "We're Number One!" rooters everywhere are yelling, and they're forsaking the rest of their digits to raise index fingers on high. The gesture has caught on, and Fauss's invention may have made it a permanent part of sports.

It would be a shocking turn, however, if all spectators came out to the stadium for a game sporting Fauss hands. If they did, one of civilized man's traditional modes of expression would be lost for a day. After all, what is the sound of one hand clapping?

END

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QUESTION

7

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A police officers' association in Arlington, Virginia, told the town fathers of that community what they thought. They called a proposed public smoking law "virtually unenforceable ... well intended, but frivolous," and a measure that "will only cause greater animosity."

In New York, James Hargrove, chairman of the National Black Police Association, told the state's Senate that a public smoking proposal would be "a waste of law enforcement time." Mr. Hargrove said, "the limited amount of personnel we do have could better spend their time in making our neighborhoods safe."

Ask yourself. What good is a law that is unenforceable, creates expenses, inconveniences, and causes confrontations? That kind of law hurts all law.

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MAKING COST-OF-LIVING AND OTHER ALLOWANCES FOR CHEATING AT USC

Ethical standards often come into conflict. They did for Coach Goux. By beginning to sell players' tickets, he chose compassion and a chance to meet the severe financial needs of certain students.

—James H. Zumberge

With those words of self-justification, the president of mighty USC angrily threatened last week to bring suit against the NCAA. Zumberge was reacting to the NCAA's imposition of a three-year probation on the Trojan football team, which has won eight national championships and 19 bowl games. Less happily, USC has also been tainted by scandal. In 1980 it was barred for one season from bowl games by the Pac-10 for academic abuses involving athletes. That year the school also released the findings of an in-house probe that over the previous decade the USC athletic department had skirted normal admissions standards to get 330 "academically marginal" athletes into school. Then, two weeks ago, the NCAA found USC guilty of generating cash payments to football players through an elaborate ticket-scalping scheme that had been in operation from 1971 to '79.

According to the NCAA, USC players turned their complimentary game tickets over to an assistant coach, Mary Goux, who sold them for the athletes' benefit to boosters for considerably more than face value. As many as 33 players profited in a single season, pocketing as much as \$2,000 apiece. Indications are that the amount received over the years by all players exceeded \$200,000. In punishment for what it called a "flagrant example of willful circumvention of NCAA legislation," the NCAA banned the Trojans from bowl games following the 1982 and 1983 seasons and from TV appearances in 1983 and 1984. It also froze the salary of Goux, a 25-year veteran of the coaching staff, for two years and ordered the athletic department to sever all ties with 16 of the outsiders who bought scalped tickets.

Although Zumberge insisted that he wasn't making light of the infractions, he said that the school was considering legal action on grounds that the NCAA penalties were discriminatory and unduly harsh. In suggesting that Goux had acted out of "compassion," Zumberge argued that a campus housing shortage had obliged Trojan athletes to live off campus, where the amount of scholarship money permitted under NCAA rules proved "unrealistic" in the face of L.A.'s high rents. When a reporter asked about the NCAA's contention that the scalping operation had given the Trojans a competitive edge by generating cash that recruits might find alluring, Zumberge replied, "Against whom would we get a

competitive edge?" His implication, USC had only been doing what everybody else was doing.

The NCAA sanctions could hurt USC recruiting and cost the school \$1 million in lost TV revenue. Still, Zumberge was off base in invoking what he called mitigating circumstances. For example, he argued that the NCAA punishment was too severe coming on top of the earlier Pac-10 penalties, which may be the first time a defendant has ever cited repeated offenses to justify a lesser sentence. Zumberge also made a point of saying there was no evidence that Athletic Director Richard Perry or Football Coach John Robinson, both of whom took over when John McKay left those jobs in 1975, had been aware of the ticket scalping. But it's hard to believe that Perry and Robinson were in the dark; the ticket-selling scheme was an open secret on campus, and Goux reportedly discussed ticket sales at team meetings, on at least one occasion writing ticket prices on a blackboard. In a 1979 *Miami News* story that first reported Goux's scalping operation, former Trojan Tight End Joe Shipp recalled that Robinson had instructed players not to discuss the ticket deal with outsiders.

Zumberge was being disingenuous in other ways. Although ticket scalping has long been common at other schools, there's no proof that it has ever been as extensive or as well organized as at USC. And as Delaware Athletic Director Dave Nelson notes, "There's a lot of difference between a kid who's doing it on his own and when a coach is involved."

Then there's Zumberge's contention that Goux acted out of compassion for disadvantaged athletes. That claim might be more persuasive had tickets been sold on the basis of need. In fact, ticket proceeds were divided up according to what amounted to a salary scale, with All-Americans commanding higher prices than bench warmers. As Shipp told the *Miami News*, "If you became a star, they took care of you a little more." As for USC's supposed housing crunch, interviews with former Trojan athletes and sources in the school's housing office suggest that football players who wanted campus lodging usually could obtain it, that most of those who lived off campus did so by choice and that off-campus rents were comparable to those charged in the dorms. Dick Hannula, captain of the 1978-79 USC swimming team, says that he lived his first two years in a dormitory and his last two in nearby apartments. "If you lived near campus the cost wasn't any greater than in the dorms," he says. "I was able to pay my rent entirely with my scholarship money. It's ridiculous to say the kids needed more money and had to live off campus. That's not the point. They cheated." And so did their school.

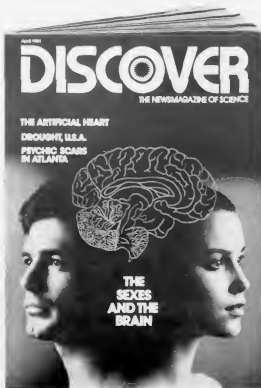


ILLUSTRATION BY CHARLES HALLER

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SCORECARD *continued*

HE ISN'T THURSDAY'S CHILD

An Olympic gold medal isn't the only prize that Rensho Nehemiah passed up when he signed with the San Francisco 49ers two weeks ago. Nehemiah also was tantalizingly close to joining Edwin Moses and Pietro Mennea as the only male track-and-field athletes to qualify as seven-day wonders on the unique listings that Jed Bruckner, a Los Angeles lawyer and track buff, maintains of top performances according to the days of the week on which those performances occurred (SI, March 17, 1980 et seq.). Moses has the "records" in his specialty, the 400-meter intermediate hurdles, for all seven days. The now-retired Mennea has the fastest clockings ever in the 200 meters on a Sunday, Monday, Wednesday and Friday, is tied for the fastest on Saturday (with Clancy Edwards) and has the fastest times at sea-level on each of the other two days.

Nehemiah has the fastest time in his event, the 110-meter high hurdles, on six days of the week. His world record of 12.93 came on a Wednesday—in Zurich, last Aug. 19—and he also has the fastest times on a Sunday (13.00), Monday (13.33), Tuesday (13.26), Friday (13.07) and Saturday (13.16). Too bad that before he signed with the 49ers, a move that made him ineligible for international competition (although he conceivably could compete in domestic meets), Nehemiah didn't get one last stab at Rod Milburn's Thursday record of 13.24. Milburn set that one in Munich on Sept. 7, 1972 while winning (right) an Olympic gold medal.

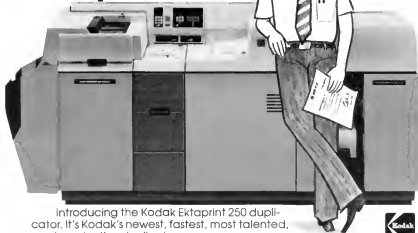
NO MORE PUPPY CHOW

The college football season is still four months off, but Joe Terranova's work is already done. Terranova, a marketing manager with Ford Motor Co. in Detroit, gets his kicks from watching high school football films—he took in more than 500 of them over the winter—and publishes an annual ranking of the colleges that fared best in the recruiting of leading high school prospects. His rundown of the class of '86:

1) Georgia. Vince Dooley's top signee is Defensive Tackle Gerald Browner (6' 4", 300), kid brother of Ross, Jimmie, Willard, et al. "It's obvious the last of the Browner boys has been off Puppy Chow for some time," says Terranova. With Browner and fellow incoming linemen

continued

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Victor Perry (6' 5", 270), Jay Floyd (6' 5", 285), Cedric Cornish (6' 3", 250) and Keith Johnson (6' 5", 240), "the training table budget could double."

2) Notre Dame. The linebacking phenomena came "straight from the meat packing houses in Chicago": Tony Furjanic (6' 2", 225), John McCabe (6' 3", 220) and Ron Weissenhofer (6' 3", 220). Tight End Wally Klein (6' 8", 240) is so big "he can eat peaches off a tree without using his hands." Allen Pinkett "is the finest tailback to enter Notre Dame since Vagabond Ferguson." Terranova picked Coach Gerry Faust's inaugural recruiting class as No. 1 a year ago, so the Irish may be able to get that 5-6 record of last season out of their system in a hurry.

3) Texas. "These kids are a sure bet to receive their college degrees because most are so huge their college professors won't have to call roll to know if they're absent. In fact, there's more blue ribbon beef in the Longhorn Corral than the Ewings ever had at South Fork." Coach Fred Akers recruited an army of linemen—the smallest of whom is 6' 3", 235—including Terry Steelhammer ("talk about a football name"). Running Back Anthony Byerly is still a question mark, though. "It will be sometime in early October before we know for sure if he's Billy Sims reincarnated."

4) Oklahoma. "Sonny Brown is a wishbone quarterback from Alice, Tex., whose press clippings can fit on the back of a postage stamp. Thing is, he's a player." Marcus Dupree, who broke Herschel Walker's national high school career record for most touchdowns; Spencer Tillman, who ran for 4,000-plus yards in 27 games; and Tom Haley, another outstanding runner, help make this class "of the Campbell Soup variety... It's M'm good."

5) Nebraska. "The Dallas Cowboys of the mupper set concentrated heavily on linemen and succeeded in signing the premier line prospect in Nebraska (Stan Parker), the top two in Kansas (Chris Spachman and Rob Maggard) and the best of Minnesota's crop (Kevin Blackmer and Lawrence Hart)." Tailback Thurman Hoskins was the top schoolboy scorer in Missouri, "but comes from such a small town that the phone directory only has one yellow page."

Rounding out the Top 10 are North Carolina, Auburn, Florida ("Charley Bell recruited himself a seven course meal"), Penn State and Illinois.

OLD RELIABLE

Collecting data for an insurance form, a secretary in the Atlanta Hawks' front office recently had the following exchange with Forward John Drew:

"What's your birth date, John?"

"September 30."

"What year?"

"Every year."

BATTLE OF THE COMPUTERS

As though life weren't confusing enough already, soon there will be two rival computer rankings of the world's best male tennis players. Until now, the Association of Tennis Professionals, the men's players' union, has had the rankings business to itself, feeding into its computer results from Grand Prix tournaments held throughout the year. But this summer, World Championship Tennis, which has broken away from the Grand Prix circuit, is coming out with its own rankings, prompting Jim McManus, ATP's director of player and tournament services, to say, "The competition doesn't bother me. It's the fans I worry about. With two lists, it'll be hard for the public to understand what's going on."

The WCT claims that it was forced to start its own rankings because of the ATP's refusal to include WCT events in its rankings. "When they elected not to use our tournaments, the computer was a matter of survival for us," says WCT Chief Operating Officer Rod Humphries. "We needed an incentive to keep players on our tour. They could have been losing their rankings if they played a lot of WCT tennis. Vijay Amritraj [currently number 34 on the ATP list] is going to play only WCT events this year, so he'll eventually drop off the ATP computer. In six months Vijay might not be able to get into a tournament. He certainly wouldn't be seeded if we had to rely on the ATP rankings."

Accounts differ as to why the ATP chose not to include WCT events. The ATP says it "left the door open"—whatever that means—for the WCT to meet the ATP's criteria, while the WCT darkly alludes, with equal vagueness, to a "political situation." In any case, the ATP has cause to worry about the WCT's new ranking system. It will use a more all-encompassing approach, one that takes into account Grand Prix tournaments plus the results of WCT events, playoffs on both circuits and international team

competitions like the Davis Cup, all of which, except, of course, Grand Prix results, the ATP computer ignores.

The WCT rankings will also be programmed to include a "diminishing return" factor by which points received are devalued each week, thereby allowing hot players to rise more quickly to the top of the listings. Under the ATP system a player retains full credit for points won at a tournament until the following year. "Borg is still at Number Six on their computer," Humphries says. "He shouldn't be there. He hasn't been playing tennis. Arthur Ashe was Number Eight in the world seven months after he retired."

McManus defends the ATP's rankings as being "based on simplicity" and adds, "It's a lot like a baseball average: At year's end, you don't know if a guy hit the homers in April or August. But I'm sure we'll look into any innovations. If the players like the diminishing return, they could always vote it in for our computer." McManus' conciliatory tone sounds suspiciously like an admission that the ATP may have erred in leaving the computer court wide open. The WCT's volley looks like a winner.

THEY SAID IT

• Rich Kelley, Phoenix Suns center, complaining that opponents had lately been employing unusually rough tactics against him: "Either I'm playing with my face more or they're playing with their elbows more."

• Doc Medich, Texas Ranger pitcher, on the time-consuming ritual of twitches and stance adjustments that the Indians' Mike Hargrove goes through each time he steps into the batter's box: "He's a one-man four-corner offense."

• Frank Layden, coach of the hapless Utah Jazz, to a fan who had just called a referee a fool during a meaningless late-season game with the almost-as-hapless Kansas City Kings: "Who are you calling a fool? You paid to watch this."

• George Plimpton, author and SI special contributor, advancing a pet theory that there's an inverse correlation between the size of a ball and the quality of writing about the sport in which the ball is used: "There are superb books about golf, very good books about baseball, not many good books about football and very few good books about basketball. There are no books about beachballs."

"The Turbo Diesel"

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And The Last Shall Be First

After trailing early in the Kentucky Derby, Gato del Sol shifted into high and thundered to the line ahead of 18 competitors

by WILLIAM NACK

Trainer Eddie Gregson was walking 10 feet behind his Kentucky Derby horse, Gato del Sol, when they emerged from the quiet of the stable area at Churchill Downs and began that long trek around the clubhouse turn toward the saddling paddock. There were 141,009 people packed into the Downs last Saturday afternoon—a warm, bright day in Louisville—and thousands lined the clubhouse turn, a few yelling at Gregson as the colt strode by: "What's the name of your horse?" And "Do you like him?"

Gato del Sol's sire, Cougar II, the champion grass horse of 1972, had been poised and unflappable, and he passed these characteristics on, but now the colt was coming to his toes, doing a nervous little waltz, and sweat streaked his flanks. Gregson's face was strained. This was his first Kentucky Derby, a mile and a quarter for which he had been judiciously pointing his horse for weeks, and Gato del Sol was in a sweat before he even got to the paddock.

Gregson glanced at the crowded grandstand. "It's amazing," he said. "I schooled this horse in the paddock, but you could school a horse every day and not re-create this. You have to have a horse physically fit to run this far in May and mentally ready to go through it. To win, it's like climbing Mount Everest."

Thirty minutes later, of course, the 43-year-old Gregson found himself at the summit, for win the Derby he did. After finally settling down in the paddock and handling the raucous post parade like old

Gato del Sol's position in this Derby after nearly a quarter-mile—dead last in the field of 19—is captured by a special "alt" camera that records each horse passing the lens on a continuously moving roll of film.



It's ladies first as the lone filly in the race, Cupecoy's Joy, leads the way for a mile

Cougar himself, Gato del Sol galloped leisurely through the first part of the race with all the urgency of a kid going to school. At the end of the first half-mile, he and jockey Eddie Delahoussaye still trailed in the 19-horse field and were some 16 lengths behind the leader. Since definitive charts of the Derby were introduced in 1903, no winner had come from so far back. But the colt began picking up horses as he pleased down the backstretch and then, rounding the far turn, bounded from 16th place to fourth in a single quarter-mile. He won his Derby right there, Outunning Laser Light, an 18-1 shot, and Reinvested to the wire. Gato del Sol won the race—and the \$428,850 first money—by 2½ lengths.

"A trainer fantasizes about this," Gregson said. "It just bowls you over. Twenty or 30 years from now, it will make for a nice evening around the fire."

Gato del Sol paid \$44.40 to win to the gambling clientele who preferred him, among them Arthur Hancock III, who was down for \$100. He went dry-mouthed into the winner's circle, trying to wet his lips. "I still don't believe it," said the Kentucky breeder, who co-owns Gato del Sol with Leonie J. Peters, a New

York real estate tycoon. "Is it official? Has it been declared official yet? I can't believe we did it. It's like a dream. My dad would sure be proud, I know that."

It was thus that a neatly balanced gray colt, named in memory of a tan-colored cat who used to sleep in the morning sun, won the 108th Kentucky Derby at 21-1 for a trainer who was once a Hollywood actor, since reformed; a co-owner who came of age as the maverick son of the greatest thoroughbred breeder in American history; and a Cajun jockey who broke his maiden at Evangeline Downs in Lafayette, La.

Arthur Hancock came to this Derby representing the fourth generation of Hancocks to breed thoroughbreds. But until last Saturday no Hancock had ever owned the winner. Hancock's father, the late A.B. (Bull) Hancock, is regarded by many as America's most influential horse breeder. He was the man who turned Calhorne Farm, outside Lexington, into a showcase of the bloodstock business. Horses Bull Hancock imported and ideas he espoused would produce Derby winners Secretariat, Seattle Slew and Spectacular Bid, among others.

No one coveted the Derby more than



Bull. "I saw how much Daddy wanted to win it," says Arthur, 39, Bull's oldest son. "We talked about it a lot. He'd plan a mating with Derby breeding, sire and dam, and then he'd get a filly or something. He had some bad luck."

Bull's best colt, Drone, was undefeated and training for the Florida Derby in 1969 when he broke down. Still, Bull almost won the Derby that year, when Dike got beat a neck and a half-length by Majestic Prince and Arts and Letters. But Bull would tell you that finishing third was no cigar. He died in 1972, his dream unfulfilled.

Arthur and his younger brother, Seth, ran Claiborne jointly for a few months after Bull's death. "Then the executors decided Seth would make a better president," Arthur says. "He was married, I was single then. He was more serious than I was. I like to shake out the straw in my stall in my own way. Seth was the right man for the job. He still is. I sort of

got fired, really. I said, 'Well, I'll see what I can do with my own life.'"

Arthur Hancock established Stone Farm down the road from Claiborne and built it from nothing to what it is today—a 2,500-acre spread with 210 broodmares and nine stallions, including the 1976 Kentucky Derby winner, Bold Forbes, and Cougar II. One of his earliest backers was Peters, with whom he owns 30 mares. In fact, together they bred Gato del Sol. The colt's pedigree wasn't fashionable enough to get him into the posh summer sale at Keeneland in 1980. Nor did he promise to bring a big price in the fall sale. "He'd have probably brought \$25,000, \$30,000," Hancock says. "We didn't want to sell him for that. So we kept him."

Hancock thought of the name, which means cat of the sun in Spanish. "I had a cat at the farm that would sit by the barn in the morning sun," he says. "That image always stuck in my mind. Cougar is a

cat, and the mare was named Peacefully. We named the colt in Spanish because Cougar II was from Chile."

When Gato del Sol was 2, Hancock and Peters sent him to Gregson, who came to the racing business by way of his family's breeding farm in Southern California, called Conejo Ranch. One of the residents there was Determine, winner of the 1954 Kentucky Derby. Gregson attended Stanford, where he eventually got a degree in Eastern European history, and for a while he considered studying law. During his freshman year he dropped out of Stanford briefly to go to Hollywood and try to get in the movies. Under contract to Warner Bros., Gregson appeared in one film, *The Naked and the Dead*, playing the part of a soldier who is killed by a snake. He then moved over to Twentieth Century-Fox, but the studio let him go after six months. "They gave up on me," Gregson says. He did some summer stock, kicking around

continued

In the far turn, Gato del Sol (left, wearing a shadow roll) moves swiftly up from 16th place to fourth—and can almost smell the roses.





Now look who's in front in the slit camera's view of the finish line: Gato del Sol leads Laser Light by a comfortable 2½ lengths.

KENTUCKY DERBY continued

looking for work, then went back to school. "I couldn't act," he says. Once out of college, he also decided against studying law.

Gregson instead went to work in a cattle feed lot in California as a cowboy, but he eventually returned to the horses, his first love. He started training in 1968, and it has been his life ever since then. Gato del Sol had his moments as a 2-year-old—he won only two of eight races as a juvenile, but one was the Del Mar Futurity—and he finished the year with earnings of \$220,828. Gregson had seen Cougar II win in California, and he was struck by the similarities between father and son.

"Gato del Sol has the same running style, the same high action in front," Gregson says. "This horse also has the most beautiful eyes in the world."

More to the point, the colt appeared to have inherited from his sire the capacity to go a mile and a quarter. Not that Gato

del Sol was any world beater in his four previous races this year. After finishing third in the first, at Santa Anita on Feb. 25, beaten 3½ lengths in a sprint, he lost by just a neck in the 1½-mile San Felipe Handicap, closing ground through the stretch. Under the circumstances, it was a sharp performance.

"He stumbled at the start and sprung a shoe," Gregson says. Advance Man hung on to win. Two weeks later, in the 1½-mile Santa Anita Derby, Gato del Sol again made up ground through the lane, but wound up fourth, beaten 3½ lengths by Muttering. Gregson wasn't happy. "It was a disappointing race," he says. "He dropped back and didn't kick in like he does. And he had to go around horses."

But the colt was Derby bound, with a stop at Keeneland for his final prep in the Blue Grass Stakes. With Gregson's eye on the Derby nine days later, a prep is precisely what the nine-furlong Blue Grass proved to be. Gato del Sol finished second, 5½ lengths behind Linkage, but Gregson liked the race. "Linkage had it all his own way," he says, "and my horse wasn't trained to be his fittest for that race. I wanted something left."



Arthur Hancock submits to a winner's circle interview while his wife, Staci, blankets herself in roses borrowed from their colt.





Gregson: a movie flop, a racetrack star.

In his final work on Thursday, two days before the Derby, Gregson caught him a half-mile in 49½, with a last quarter in 24 seconds. Perfect, the trainer figured. Jockey Bill Shoemaker, in town to ride Star Gallant in the Derby, told Arthur Hancock that Gato del Sol would win it. "He's probably the only horse in the race who can go a mile and a quarter," said Shoemaker, who was Cougar II's regular rider.

This had certainly become the ideal year to have a 3-year-old sound of limb and with some ability who wanted to go that far. In the two weeks leading up to the Derby, the prohibitive favorite, Timely Writer, was stricken with a stomach ailment and it took emergency surgery to save his life. When Linkage jumped up and won the Blue Grass, he appeared to be the horse to beat, but his Maryland-based trainer, Henry Clark, resisted all entreaties to run in the Derby and shipped the horse to Maryland for the Preakness. (But Gato del Sol won't be

there, the distance being too short and the turns too tight to suit him.) That made Hostage, the well-bred winner of the Arkansas Derby, seem particularly formidable. On the Monday before the Kentucky Derby, however, Hostage broke down during a workout at the Downs and was retired. The result of this was that the field, expected to be 15 horses, swelled to 20, the maximum allowable under the rules. Nineteen started, after Rock Steady was scratched on race day.

Thus Gato del Sol, although he hadn't won a race since last September, looked better day by day. There were serious doubts that Air Forbes Won, off his neck victory in the Wood Memorial, could get the distance, El Baba had won eight of 10, but his daddy, Raja Baba, wasn't building them to go that far. Muttering hadn't run since winning the Santa Anita Derby on April 4, and there were questions whether he had done enough to get 10 furlongs over the more tiring Churchill Downs surface. The axiom still holds: A horse has to be absolutely dead fit to win the Kentucky Derby.

Gregson obviously had his colt right where he wanted him. Moreover, he had Delahoussaye, a 30-year-old native of New Iberia, La., who is one of the nation's leading riders. Last year his horses won \$6,126,489, placing him fourth among all U.S. jockeys.

Delahoussaye's ride in the Derby was supremely confident. Gato del Sol broke from the 18th post position, next to the extreme outside hole, and only Clyde Van Dusen (post 20 in 1929) had ever overcome a worse post to win. Clyde Van Dusen, though, had excellent speed and was on the lead after a quarter of a mile. Gato del Sol is a plodder. He cannot be rushed, because he tends to climb if he is, so Delahoussaye let him settle. Copey's Joy, the only filly in the Derby, rushed to the lead, with El Baba tracking her, and Air Forbes Won, the tepid \$2.70-1 favorite, stalking him. Delahoussaye had his colt outside of horses, clear of trouble—"so I wouldn't get trapped," he said later—as he rounded the first

turn. Gato del Sol started picking up horses as they raced down the backside. As the filly turned for home, El Baba moved to her right flank and Air Forbes Won came up outside of him. They turned for home three abreast.

By now, though, Gato del Sol was rolling. As the leaders drove toward the eighth pole, El Baba, Air Forbes Won and the filly suddenly chucked the bit, and in a trice Delahoussaye had the lead. Laser Light and Reinvessed made their runs but didn't have enough. Gato del Sol had won his Derby, and so had Ed Gregson, Leone Peters and Arthur Hancock. Above all, it was the Kentuckian's race. "This is the greatest thing to happen to me in this life," Hancock said, as if he'd lived another. "I want to dedicate this Derby to Daddy." END



Gato blossomed under his jockey's touch.

Gato del Sol and Delahoussaye show winning form as they charge down the stretch.

Thanks, Bullets, We Really Needed That!

Such was the spirit of the Celtics as upstart Washington, which even stole Game 2, made the champs playoff sharp

by ANTHONY COTTON



With a few seconds remaining in their 103-99 overtime defeat of Washington on Sunday in Game 4 of the Eastern Conference semifinals, the Celtics' Larry Bird and Gerald Henderson stood by the Boston bench, slapping fives. Not the confident, high variety, but more a medium "We've got it, don't we?" "Yeah, I think."

One could understand their uncertainty. Although the victory gave the Celtics a 3-1 lead in games, it was a hard-earned 3-1. The NBA champs were supposed to beat the overachieving chumps from Landover in a walk, but they had been given all they could handle. "Is there anyone here who doesn't think the Bullets are a good basketball team?" Boston Coach Bill Fitch asked after Game 4. "That might have been the case when the season started and they were still getting to know each other, but now they're a very good team. We're playing hard out there and they're staying right with us."

In fact, the difference between the teams in the first four games had been a bad pass here and a missed shot there on the part of the Bullets. The Celtics' superiority in talent had been overcome to a surprising degree by Washington's post-season intensity. "Coming in we didn't have to tell our team, 'Let's get ready for the playoffs,'" said Coach Gene Shue, whose Bullets had won 10 of their last 15 regular-season games. "We were there already."

The Bullets, 39-43 a year ago, had lost Wes Unseld to retirement, Match Kupchak to Los Angeles via free agency and Elvin Hayes in a trade to Houston. Generous forecasters conceded them no more than 25 wins this season. But, spurred on by holdover Greg Ballard, castoffs like Spencer Haywood and rookies Frank Johnson and Jeff Ruland, the club reversed itself in the regular season, went 43-39 and made the playoffs with relative ease.

Meanwhile, Boston was the class of the league, breezing to a 63-19 regular-season record. Nonetheless, some observers felt the team played tight at times and that Fitch was particularly sensitive under the pressure to repeat as champions.

First McHale helped the Celtics bury the Bullets, then he heaped praise on them.



Johnson's three-pointer at 103 won Game 2 for Washington.

making sure all the bills got paid and the towels were cleaned for the next day. That was pressure.

"Everybody has been after us all year because we're the champs and people say that we have to win, but I don't think that's pressure. If we don't win, it won't be because of anything me or my players can control."

The Celtics couldn't control injuries to Bird and Nate Archibald after the All-Star break, but Henderson and M.L. Carr performed like all-stars as Boston won a team-record 18 straight games.

Still, if any club was capable of banging it up with Boston, the Bullets were it. While the Celtics had swept the six-game regular-season series from Washington, four of the games were early in the season. In the three games played at Capital Centre, Boston failed to score 100 points every time, and had to rally to win two one-point games.

In the playoffs Washington, which had disposed of New Jersey in a mini-series, was proving to be more than just a nuisance to the Celtics. Haywood, who returned from playing in Italy to make the Bullets in a tryout last fall—he had been released from Los Angeles during the 1980 playoffs—was averaging 22.5 points. "I didn't know he still had any get-up left," Archibald said after Haywood's 28-point effort in Game 4.

"I'm satisfied, but not completely," Haywood said of his semitriumphal return to the

NBA, where he played for 10 seasons for the Sonics, Knicks, Jazz and Lakers after a remarkable ABA career. "I'm reintroducing myself to everyone who had forgotten about Spencer Haywood and what he could do, but I know I can play better and I will play better."

"This means a lot to me. I've forsaken

my family during the playoffs. My wife [leading fashion model Iman] would come down from New York at least two times a week during the regular season, but I don't allow anyone to see me now. It's bad, but I need to be hungry, starving and aggressive."

The Bullets hung tough for three quarters before the Celtics won Game 1, 109-91, in Boston Garden. As the second game, also in Boston, began, some Celtics were waving four fingers—signifying four straight wins—at the Bullets' bench. But despite controlling the game most of the way, the Celtics found themselves ahead by a mere two points, Washington's ball, with 10 seconds to play.

Enter rookie Guard Johnson. Moving behind a double screen from Beef Brothers Rick Mahorn (6' 10", 235 pounds) and Ruland (6' 11", 240) Johnson canoned a 29-foot three-point shot with three seconds left to give the Bullets a 103-102 victory. Disdaining a try for a two-point bucket and overtime, Shue had expressly ordered the three-pointer.

"They have a right to be confident, winning a game on our home court, but we'll see what happens today," said Archibald before Game 3. What mainly happened was 15 blocked shots by the Celtics, six by Center Robert Parish, who also scored 25 points, pulled down 13 rebounds and so frustrated the Bullets that Mahorn was ejected for throwing a ball at Henderson's head, and Ruland looked ready to take on the entire Celtics' team to stop the taunts of rookie Charles Bradley. Final score: Celtics 92-83.

Even though Washington led much of the way in Game 4—indeed, Haywood missed a makable 10-footer that could have won it in the last second—Parish delivered more of the same: 28 points and 15 rebounds. In overtime Kevin McHale took over, scoring six points, making a steal and blocking a three-point try by Kevin Grevey.

After the game McHale expressed relief. "If we win this series, I'll give great praise to the Bullets for pushing us to our limits," he said. "Last year Chicago wasn't a test and we got into a struggle with Philly in seven games. Now we know what we have to do to win. That's what you want out of your first series."

Still, one really could not blame McHale and the Celtics if they were saying, "Just don't scare us so much next time, guys."

and no longer the jovial wisecracker of his days with the expansionist Cleveland Cavaliers.

Fitch downplays such talk. "When I was at Cleveland there were only six people there to run the whole show," he says. "I'd coach a game and barely have time to look at the box score because I was

At week's end the team he rebuilt to win both the Drake Relays and the World Series was 9-11, fourth in the American League East. It was tied for 10th in the league in stolen bases and dead last in

count 'em, 12—advisers, whose sole purpose seems to be to suck up to George, told him that Reggie wasn't worth a four-year, \$3.6 million contract (plus incentives). "He didn't want to pay me a mil-

This Time George Went Overboard

By changing managers, shuffling players and alienating the fans, owner George Steinbrenner has the Yankees in deep water **by STEVE WULF**

Early last week, in the seventh inning of a game in Yankee Stadium, Reggie Jackson of the California Angels hit a titanic home run off the facade in right field. As Jackson admired this blast from the recent past, many in the crowd of 35,458 began to repeat the old familiar mantra "Reg-gie, Reg-gie." After Jackson had taken a bow from the dugout, the crowd turned its attention and vocal chords to the man who had effectively eighty-sized 44.

"Steinbrenner creates a partial vacuum with his mouth! Steinbrenner creates a partial vacuum with his mouth!" approximates the chant that engulfed Yankee Stadium.

How could they say something like that? Hadn't George showered them with free agents and pennants and championships? Hadn't he given them the best years of his, their and Reggie's lives? Had they forgotten they were nothing before George arrived?

So what if, in the process, he had taken all the fun out of the game, robbed them of their pride in the Yankees and played them for suckers. How could they say something like that?

"I'm sorry, but what did they say?" asked Catcher Rick Cerone after the game. "I couldn't quite hear it."

"It was about the only fun I had all night," said Ron Guidry, who gave up the home run. Though Guidry later downplayed that comment, it upset George, who said, "I didn't expect that from a man I pay \$750,000 a year, who gave up a homer to a lefthander who's usually kept out of the lineup against hard-throwing lefthanders."

These are not happy times for George.

home runs. Even worse, the National League team from Queens had outperformed the Bronx Bombers 18-9 while outstealing them 19-10. If George rode the subways, he would see posters that say: NEW YORKERS ARE CONVERTING TO A NEW SOURCE OF POWER, with a picture of the broad backs of Dave Kingman, George Foster and Ellis Valentine.

George made his eighth managerial move in nine years after a win on April 25. He had promised Bob Lemon a whole season, but his promise fell short by at least 148 games. So Lemon, who replaced Gene Michael last September, was replaced by Gene Michael.

When the Yankees lost three of their first four games under Michael, George didn't panic. "You have to give Stick time," he said. Stop that snickering.

Some 200 years ago, George III of England used to fire his entire household staff two or three times a day. He once stopped a carriage to address an oak tree as if it were Frederick the Great. Late at night, George III was given to running through the castle and howling like a dog.

Nobody has seen George M. Steinbrenner III talking to the big bat that towers outside the Stadium, or anything like that, but his baseball sanity has been called into question lately. Not a few people thought George was out of his mind to let Reggie go in the first place. Not only did he lose the power in his lineup, but he also lost the reason many fans ventured to the Bronx. But all 12—



Captain 'Iy made Lemon walk the plank and hauled in Michael as his replacement. Dent is one of several Yankees who could be discharged.

lion at age 39," said Reggie. "but he could be paying Dave Winfield \$3 million when he's 39."

Jackson's return promised to be at least interesting, especially after he waited until exactly 6:44 to step out onto the field. In batting practice he put six balls

in the seats, to the screaming delight of the fans, most of whom didn't care less that he was hitting .173 with no homers.

Jackson popped to second his first time up, but in the fifth he singled up the middle, then scored the Angels' go-ahead run on Bob Boone's suicide squeeze. In

the seventh Jackson stepped to the plate, and Cerone told him he looked good in his new uniform. Reggie said thank you. Guidry's first pitch was a thigh-high breaking ball that didn't, and Jackson turned on it. Whap! The clout was as prodigious in distance as it was in timing.

continued

ILLUSTRATIONS BY SANDY HUFFAKER



"He just winked at me when he crossed the plate," said Ceronc.

Roy Smalley, George's newest infielder, said, "That's the kind of moment that makes little kids baseball fans for life. I felt like a little kid myself, standing on third."

And the chants began. George, who had given instructions to say he wasn't in the ball park, was sitting in a private box. According to eyewitnesses, he just stared straight ahead. "To make it in New York, you have to suffer the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune," said George, who's from Cleveland and lives in Tampa. "I preach mental toughness, so I have to practice it. I thought the word they used was uncouth, though."

After the rain-shortened game, which

the Yankee locker room to visit with his old teammates for about an hour. "They told me I was very lucky to be out of there," Jackson said. "George really ought to own up for a change."

That night Michael broke his maiden as Tommy John shut out the Angels 6-0. But the next night the Yankees lost to Geoff Zahn 2-0. Jackson quite literally had a hand in that one: Leading off the ninth inning of a scoreless game, Reggie was hit on the wrist by reliever Shane Rawley, and his pinch runner was the first man to score. "I wonder who George is going to blame tonight," said Winfield.

Another ex-Yankee, 43-year-old Gaylord Perry, used his great expectations to dampen New York the following

Lemon was fired, Gossage had some very pointed things to say. Among his most cogent remarks were: "It started in the World Series and went through spring training" and "It's going to be a long year" and finally "We're made to feel like we're little children being spanked every time things go wrong." Gossage doesn't usually pop off like that.

George took to the back pages of the New York Post to defend himself. In an exclusive interview with Dick Young, George said of his managerial change, "If it doesn't turn out, they'll rip me a new seat, those buddies of yours. But if the team turns around and goes on to win, you won't see one [uncouth] word. I'll bet you on it." Young then promised that all the writers would give him "two pips and a hooray" when the Yankees clinch the division.

George gave another exclusive to Maury Allen of the Post. His best lines were "I'm paying those guys [Guidry, Winfield, Ken Griffey and Dave Collins] a lot of money, and they haven't produced" and "I didn't throw those home-run balls to [Bobby] Grich and Jackson; Guidry did." Way to trash one of the best pitchers in baseball, George.

On Saturday, through Young's auspices, Winfield sounded off: "Things get hot and he leaves town. ... Maybe when things aren't going well here, I should take a day off to look over my stocks and things." Actually, George was relaxing far from the madding crowd at his horse farm in Ocala, Fla. In an exclusive interview with *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* Correspondent Tom McEwen, George said, "The Goose should do more pitching and less quacking." He promised, "I'll make one more change, and we think that will make it right. We're getting there and fast, and when we do, we'll be hell on wheels."

George has certainly been hell on wheels since last fall. There was that maxi-turade after Milwaukee tied the mini-series 2-2. His browbeating and meddling may well have cost the Yankees the World Series.

Over the winter George reshaped the team, acquiring Griffey and Collins for speed. (At week's end Griffey had no stolen bases and Collins no position.) He rehired Lemon for the 1982 season and announced that Michael would be back in 1983. He ordered the team to report voluntarily to spring training in the middle of February, and the extra preparation

continued



In the fight for New York, Kingman and Foster give the Mets the muscle.

the Angels and Angel Moreno won 3-1, George had another elevator incident. As Jackson tells it, he was standing in the street-level lobby of the Yankee offices when the elevator doors opened. There was George. Their eyes met. George let the doors close without getting out. A few moments passed, and the doors opened once more. Again their eyes met. Just before the doors closed again, Jackson heard George mutter something about the elevator not working. Rather than embarrass him any more, Jackson left. "Why avoid me?" said Reggie. "He could have walked by and said something like, 'Way to go, you bastard,' or he could have just walked past me."

The next afternoon Jackson went to

night, as the Mariners made a batting-practice pitcher out of Rich Gossage in a 6-3 victory. "We're making everybody else's pitcher look like Cy Young," said Yankee DH Oscar Gamble. Yet another alumnus, Jim Beattie, held the Yankees to four hits and one unearned run in seven innings on Saturday night. But then Seattle's relievers got roughed up and New York won 5-1. Smalley's grand slam home run was about the best thing that happened to George all week. Another thing was Smalley's two-run single on Sunday when the Yankees won 4-2.

While the Yankees were trying to right themselves on the field, George and the players were using the New York newspapers as a battleground. On the day



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helped the Yankees go 9-16. Baltimore Manager Earl Weaver took one look at the Yankees in Florida and growled, "There's a guy named George Herman Ruth, called the Babe, who must be rolling over in his grave right now."

George called it the best team he had ever assembled, and then he went about disassembling it. The Yankees needed starters, so starter Gene Nelson was sent to Seattle for a reliever, Rawley. He was acquired so George could trade Ron Davis (who had the temerity to seek arbitration last winter) to the Twins for Smalley, a shortstop, which was something the Yankees already had. The move upset the incumbent, Bucky Dent, as well as the captain of the team, Graig Nettles, whom Smalley was going to spell at third base. Again, all 12 advisers concurred. "We're a true democracy," says George. "We sit around a table and I ask each one what he thinks. I don't even vote." The problem was solved for a while when Nettles broke his left thumb. Unfortunately, by Sunday Dent's bat was moping around at .150, and now Larry Milbourne is in the picture.

Who's on first? is also a burning question. Bob Watson was traded, leaving the Yankees with Dave Revering, Butch Hobson and Collins. The latter two aren't natural first basemen. The trade winds last week had either Toronto's John Mayberry or Pittsburgh's Jason Thompson coming to the Yankees. "There's too much mass confusion here," says Revering, who looked as if he had the job won after he batted .465 in spring training. "I don't know if I am playing tomorrow. I don't know when I'm playing. Come back in a week and you won't see me here." Incredibly, George blamed Gamble for most of the Yankees' troubles. "There's no doubt in my mind that this team would be in first place if Oscar hadn't vetoed a trade to Texas for Al Oliver," he said. "Oscar promised me he'd be the best lefthanded designated hitter in baseball, and he's batting .130."

With the team so discomfited, Lemon was a genius to have it at 5-7, which is where the Yankees were when George decided that a change was needed. "The team had no life, no fire," says

George. "Lem and I talked. He said it was O.K. He said he didn't take it as a promise, anyway."

So Lemon, a good man, was used as "meat"—the name he gives to nearly everybody "I thought I might go nine this time, but I didn't even get out of the first inning," Lemon said. Actually, he may have been lucky even to get the start. Reportedly, he had threatened to quit in



Steinbrenner was making himself hard to find.

spring training after George threatened to fire him.

Michael was something of a hero when he told George off last August, but he's back, tail between his legs. "People ask me why I want to manage for George," says Michael. "Lem said it best. 'Managing is the closest thing there is to still playing.' George and I had a talk, and we agreed to be more understanding of each other."

George's defense of his firing managers is that they are always amply compensated. "George thinks that money makes everything good," says Jackson. "But money is the root of all evil. It's harder to get a rich man into heaven than it is to get a camel through the eye of a needle, and I didn't make that up." He did bobble it a little, but the point's the same.

Some clubs win with patience rather than money. Why, if George had owned the Royals in 1980 he might have

benched George Brett in May, when he was hitting in the 260s. John was on the '73 Dodgers when they got off to a struggling start. "We went through a bad month and everybody was worried," John says, "but before we knew it, it was June and we were in first place until September. Winning really is just a matter of having patience. It's like rearing your children. You go through some tough spells, but if you show them patience they'll turn out to be fine young people. The management doesn't have the patience here, but the players do."

"I'm no more impatient than the people who booed me the other night," says George. "I want a winner. Look at the record, five flags in nine years. Who can match that?"

The Dodgers come pretty close, and they actually have a farm system. The Yankees haven't gotten a regular out of their minor league organization since George took over in 1973, and they have used only a handful of their own pitchers. He seems to suck the young blood of the minors only to donate it to Seattle and San Diego, and the whole Yankee system is festering. While the Yankees are trying to pry the 32-year-old Mayberry from the Blue Jays, Steve Balboni is knocking down the fences in the International League. "It

can be very discouraging in the minors, dreaming you'll wear pinstripes and knowing you never will," says Beattie, whom Steinbrenner once accused of having no guts.

"He really should stick to his horses," says Jackson. "At least he can shoot them if they spit the bit."

There is little or no hope that George will ever see the light, though he has his historic precedents, one of whom, Richard Nixon, was at Yankee Stadium Thursday night. But perhaps none suits him better than George III, a man of some success even though he lost the Revolutionary War. After all, he did beat Napoleon with some late-inning relief help from the Prince Regent. On July 9, 1776, the people of New York tore down the statue of George III in Bowling Green. That was just their way of saying that George III creates a partial vacuum with his mouth.

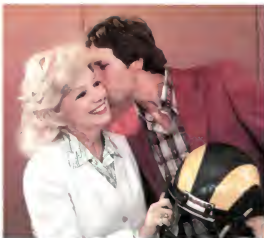
Owner Georgia Frontiere recast her Rams by trading two high draft picks to Baltimore for superstar Quarterback Bert Jones **by E.M. SWIFT**

L.A. Gets A New Leading Man

There were two possible reactions to the trade that turned Baltimore Colt Quarterback Bert Jones into a Los Angeles Ram last week, and, within 48 hours of the deal, each had been succinctly expressed by a relatively objective observer—Archie Manning, the New Orleans Saints quarterback, and a fairly large gray bird that dwells in Georgia Frontiere's backyard. The bird, thought to be a mockingbird . . . well, we'll get to him later. First to Manning, who was with Jones the night the trade was made.



That was Monday, April 26, the eve of the NFL draft. Jones desperately wanted out of Baltimore, where he had played for nine years, and Los Angeles desperately wanted a quarterback of Jones's stature. The snag was that the Colts were asking for the Rams' two first-round draft choices, the fourth and 14th picks overall, in exchange for Jones, a price the Rams considered too high. At around 9 p.m. (E.S.T.) Ram owner Frontiere reached Colt owner Robert Irsay at dinner—Irsay was in conversation with his



Jones's passing, which led the Colts to three AFC East titles, made him an MVP in 1976 and a VIP to Georgia last week.



front-office staff about the intractability of Madame Ram—to say she was willing to compromise. The Rams would give the Colts, who were 2-14 last season, their first pick in the first round and first pick in the second round (the 34th in the draft) in exchange for the 30-year-old Jones. After some discussion, Irsay accepted. (The next day the Colts drafted Ohio State Quarterback Art Schlichter and Florida State Punter Rohn Stark with the Rams' choices.)

The next step was to get in touch with Jones, who lives in Rusion, La. Jones had played out his option with the Colts last year and therefore wasn't under contract. According to NFL rules teams cannot trade the rights to players, they must trade the contracts of players. Therefore Jones had to be signed to a Baltimore contract before his trade to the Rams would be sanctioned by the league, and that had to be done before the draft started the next day at 10 a.m. (E.S.T.), less than an hour after dawn on the West Coast. When the Rams called Jones's home to find out how soon he could get

to Los Angeles, they learned that, by utter coincidence, Jones was already en route. He had to appear with a group of NFL quarterbacks for a promotional picture for a shoe company the next day. Around 10:45 p.m. Jones's plane landed, and, responding to an airport page, he called Frontiere at home. She gave the elated Jones the news and told him that Ram Assistant General Manager Jack Faulkner would meet him at his hotel with a Baltimore contract.

"He was standing in line to register when I got there," Faulkner recalls. "Bert started yelling 'Yippie!' and 'Yahoo!' and all this. He hugged me, and all these businessmen in line were looking at these two queers dancing around. It was really something. Then I saw Archie Manning, and I said to him, 'Meet the newest Ram.' 'What? Really?' Manning says. When he saw we were serious, he told Bert, 'You lucky son of a bitch.'"

Lucky, indeed, for if there was one team that Jones hoped to be traded to, it was the Rams. "The best thing that could have happened to me, did happen," said Jones. "Georgia wants a winner, and what Georgia wants, I'm going to try to get her."

continued



Brother Bill dotted all the T's and crossed the T's; Malavasi chalked the X's and O's.



BERT JONES continued

The Rams have made the playoffs eight of the last nine years, but the single exception was the most recent, when they finished 6-10, mainly because of a woeful offense. The Rams did something about that on the day of the draft by trading for Houston Tight End Mike Barber and using their second first-round pick for 6', 210-pound Richmond Running Back Barry Redden. But those moves were eclipsed by the addition of Jones, who makes the Rams an instant Super Bowl contender, provided he remains

healthy. Jones was the league's Most Valuable Player in 1976, and he led the Colts to three straight AFC East titles from 1975 to '77. But injuries to his throwing shoulder kept him out of 25 games in '78 and '79. Jones says he's 100% again, and the record of the past two years supports him—more than 3,000 yards and 20 touchdowns each season and starts in 30 of Baltimore's 32 games. Detractors point to the Colts' dismal record over that span (9-23) and say that Jones cannot carry a team as he once could. Says one NFC general manager, "In the personnel files of most NFL

teams, Bert Jones is listed as a player of declining skills." But critics should also examine the Colt defense, which was football's worst last year, allowing an average of 33.3 points and 424.6 yards per game.

Certainly the Rams feel Jones can carry them back to the top of the NFL. "If he stays as productive as he's been," says Coach Ray Malavasi, "there's just no way we could've passed him up. The man's got experience, he's a team man and a leader-type. This isn't like getting Namath or Pastorini."

The Rams, to be sure, have a history of trying to solve their problems by signing big-name quarterbacks who are over the hill and slightly beyond the fringe—Broadway Joe in 1977 and Dan Pastorini last year. Those men were taken aboard because of the chronically unstable status of the position in the past 10 years. In four years, 1973 through '76, for instance, the Rams made the playoffs four times and each time started a different quarterback: John Hadl, James Harris, Ron Jaworski and Pat Haden. When Vince Ferragamo took the Rams to the Super Bowl in 1979, then led them to an 11-5 record in '80 when they were the top offensive team in the NFC, second only to the San Diego Chargers in the entire league, it appeared they had found their man. Until Ferragamo jumped to the Montreal Alouettes of the CFL. He was sorely missed. In 1981, with Haden, Pastorini, Jeff Rutledge and Jeff Kemp alternating at quarterback between injuries, the Rams plummeted to 24th in the league in total offense and to 26th in passing. The offensive line deserved much of the blame, certainly, as opponents' sacks rose from 29 in 1980 to 50 last year. But the top priority for the 1982 season was to find an experienced quarterback. That came down to getting Jones or re-signing Ferragamo, who had been a bust in Canada. Said Malavasi, "Vince has had some great years and Bert's had some great years, but Bert's had more of them, and in the back of your mind you have to wonder what happened to Vince last year in Montreal."

Jones was available because a year-long dispute with Irsay had been irreconcilable. It started last fall when Irsay, according to Jones, reneged on a verbal agreement to sign him to a contract calling for \$750,000 a year for four years, a sum that would have made Jones the highest-paid player in the game. As the

Colts lost game after game, Jones became what one observer called Baltimore's "designated scapegoat." On Nov. 8, in a 41-14 loss to the New York Jets in Baltimore, Jones screamed at Halfback Curtis Dickey for failing to block, and the incident eventually took on racial overtones, which were fanned by the press. The implication that Jones had been racially motivated has been widely refuted. He grew up a few miles from Grambling, La., and Grambling Coach Eddie Robinson is a good friend and frequent houseguest of Dub Jones. Bert's father, the former Cleveland Brown receiver. In fact, as recently as March 29, it was Dub and Bert whom Robinson called upon to go to the Shreveport Airport to pick up Jim Brown, who was coming in for a Grambling athletic banquet.

Nonetheless, the Colt front office did nothing to refute the charges of racism. "The only people who came to my defense were my black teammates and former teammates," Jones told *The Washington Post's* Thomas Boswell last January. "The day after the story broke, Joe Washington [the ex-Colt running back now with the Redskins] called me and said, 'How're you doing, you of racist?' The thing that hurt the most was that the Colts didn't say anything to defend my reputation. Nothing's ever bothered me much more than that because it was so unfair and untrue. I really feel that the Colts promoted a negative viewpoint toward me all season. Four years ago, if I'd gotten mad at a player during a game—and I did lots of times—people would say, 'What a feisty competitor Jones is.' This year it was, 'Jones is a prima donna, a team wrecker.'"

Soon after Baltimore's season ended, on Dec. 23, Jones filed a grievance against the Colts, saying, in effect, that Irsay had reneged on his verbal contract agreement. Irsay reportedly countered by promising, "I'll kick his ass right out [of Baltimore]. Frank Kush [whom Irsay hired on Dec. 21 to coach the Colts in '82] doesn't like him either, doesn't like his attitude." Irsay has denied he ever said that, but he did say he had sent Jones a letter proposing contract terms more than a month before, and that Jones hadn't responded. As far as he, Irsay, was concerned, that offer no longer stood. The message from management was clear—the Colts would listen to any and all offers from other NFL teams who were interested in Bert Jones.

Later, Jones filed another grievance against the Colts in which he argued that Irsay's disparaging remarks had made it impossible for him to play again in Baltimore and that therefore he should be declared a free agent with no restrictions. On April 12 an arbitrator ruled against Jones in both grievances. Two days later

Ram General Manager Don Klosterman, who no longer wields the influence he did in the years when Frontiere's late husband, the late Carroll Rosenbloom, owned the team. "That 6-10 record pretty much convinced Georgia that she should start taking a more active role in things around here," says one club offi-

continued



The Rams' poor pass protection last year got Haden pounded. Ferragamo sidelined himself by beating a path to the CFL.

Jones asked to be traded. When the trade was made last week, Kush was asked what the final bone of contention was between the Rams and Colts. "We had no bone," he said. "Ours is all meat. The Rams got the bone."

For his part, Jones was asked what the Colts needed to rebuild the once-proud franchise. "A new owner," he replied.

But it was all hugs and kisses when Jones was introduced to the Los Angeles press last week, and he and Frontiere made a pretty pair indeed as details of the trade were announced. Jones spoke confidently of solving the Ram quarterbacking problems, while Malavasi made the requisite remarks about how Jones and Haden would have to fight for the starting job in training camp. Make no mistake—burning injury, Jones will start. Conspicuously absent in all of this was



cial "She listens to everyone's advice, but then she makes the decisions."

"This is the first negotiating I've done from start to finish without anybody's help," Frontiere said, aglow with the triumph of landing Jones. "You see something sometimes that you feel is right for you, and the more you think about it, the more you have to have it. That's what it was like with Bert. You know, everyone likes to brag a little bit about picking up \$200 at the races, or whatever. Well, we signed Bert for less than the Colts finally offered him."

Jones, well aware that he can more than make up the difference through endorsements and playoff money, says happily, "I'm here and proud of it. I'd play for a lot less money out here than I would back East." His contract, which was signed at Frontiere's Bel Air guesthouse on Wednesday, will bring Jones an estimated \$2 million over five years compared with the Colts' three-year \$1.3 million offer. It was negotiated by Bert's older brother, Bill, who jokingly said he got a Rams hat and a horse for his fee. Plus \$1.50 in quarters which he won from

There on the shoulder of the spanking new jersey lay the dropping. "Good thing we don't believe in omens, eh Bert?" brother Bill said.

Later, as the pictures were finally being taken, Frontiere kept saying, "I want this to look dignified," when she wasn't singing a song about a St. Louis woman who has "got 44 men, I only need one more."

Jones, insisting that his arm was fine, but that he was giving it a complete rest in the off-season, refused to throw for the photographer. "Put your hands on his shoulders, Georgia," the photographer suggested.

"Are you sure this looks dignified?" she said, doing as he asked. "Oh, I just love these big little boys."

Jones grinned his boyish grin "I definitely fall into that category," he said.

"I can just see the headlines," she said. "BOSS LEANS ON QUARTERBACK AGAIN."

As the photo session was drawing to a close, one of the team's lawyers commented that Georgia was better looking than Bert.

"It used to be I could only take a good picture if I was holding an animal," she said, holding on to Jones.

Jones handed her a football. "Here's the remains of a pig," he said.

Clearly, everyone was in pretty good humor. On the surface, the match of Bert Jones and the L.A. Rams appears to have been made, if not in heaven, at least in Hollywood, where his soap opera good looks could take him far. One longtime friend from Ruston assesses the situation this way: "There are two factors why I think he'll be happy in Los Angeles. First, I think he'll get along fine with that Mrs. Frontiere. Bert's always been a bit of a mama's boy, and with that southern charm, well, he's the type that if a girl brought him home to meet mima, he'd charm her to death. And second, the fans in L.A. are sophisticated enough that he's just another pretty face to them. They're not going to get too excited over Bert Jones, and that'll be fine with him, 'cause he doesn't like all that fuss. He'll do fine there. Why, you watch, Bert will have his footprints in cement in front of Grauman's Chinese Theater before the end of the year."

And perhaps the Rams will have their first Super Bowl championship and a certain cheeky mockingbird will be eating crow. Who knows? Happy endings are where it's at this year in Tinseltown. **END**



Bert raced home to spread the news to all the folks in Ruston, including wife Danel and children Tram, Molly and Stephanie.



Bert during the negotiations as they pitched them against a wall

In the jubilant aftermath of the signing, Jones donned his new Ram jersey, No. 17—his old No. 7 had been worn by Ram Hall of Famer Bob Waterfield and had been retired—and prepared to pose for some pictures. He had just settled under a tree on Frontiere's lovely grounds and was uttering some hoary cliché—"...one thing we all know, you're only as good as you are today..."—when the aforementioned mockingbird unloaded his two cents' worth.

Plip!

"What's that?" Jones asked, peering up suspiciously. "It wasn't... Look here on my shoulder."

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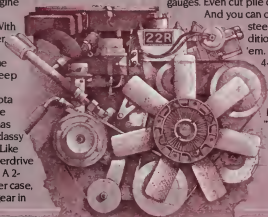
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'The Ocean Speaks To You'

But you wouldn't believe the things it tells Tom Morey, the inventor of the Boogie board

by FRANZ LIDZ

Another brave new world is unfolding in the West. The prophet is Tom Morey, and his crowning creation is the Morey Boogie board. The Boogie board, for those whose surf never comes up higher than the foam on their mug of beer, is a sort of proletarian surfboard ranging in length from 35" to 42". At least half a million of these snub-nosed laminated polyethylene boards have been sold in the last eight years to people who find it easier to Boogie than to surf.

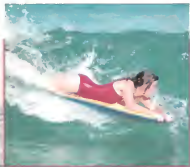
The Boogie board is only a short subject in the nonstop invention film that's running in Morey's brain. He has invented a new kind of Mylar toothpick, a circular book, an improved football, a sailboat with an adjustable mast, three-player chess and Ping-Pong games and... much, much more, most of which has never made it out of the theater of his mind.

"Almost everything has not been invented yet," says Morey, which gives him plenty of room. "Some people think of one or two new things in their lifetime. I have the misfortune of being a fabulous inventor."

The Boogie board was just the first manifestation of Morey's belief that "closed-cell plastic is the flesh of a new order of being." Many of his inventions are variations of the material he used to make the Boogie board. "The Boogie board is just a spineless protoplasm, an amoeba," he says. He has fashioned the

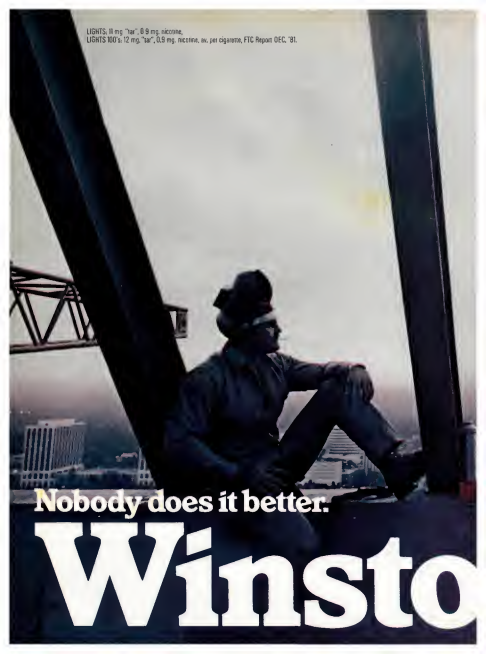
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Doing the Morey Boogie: Tom land-surfs the original board; Matteson hangs five on a new version; Marchia adds water



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form into sailboards, surfboard-shaped life preservers and deck chairs. He has also built a revolutionary ukulele with a styrene-bead core and a fiber-glass outer shell. "I feel sorry for Stradivarius," he says with a laugh. "The poor guy had to work with what he had: wood."

"Creativity is more than just being different. Anybody can play weird; that's easy. What's hard is to be simple as Bach. Making the simple complicated is commonplace; making the complicated simple, awesomely simple, that's creativity."

—CHARLES MINGUS

Morey, who is 46, lives with his wife, Marchia, and their four children just off the beach at the end of a three-mile road on the Kona Coast of Hawaii's Big Island. His community, Puna, is flanked by a couple of luxury resort hotels and bordered by a field of petroglyphs, ancient carvings of Hawaiians. "I'm living in Hawaii because it's the place of drums and surfing heritage," he says. "It's the spirit of what's going on."

He occasionally plays bebop drums with an electric guitarist who lives nearby and also works with a jazz group called Rip! He performed with a band at one of the big resort hotels until he quit a few months ago. But he found it hard to improvise on tunes like *Tie A Yellow Ribbon Round The Old Oak Tree*.

The front yard of his beach cottage is among the scruffiest on the block. It's overgrown with white opiuma trees, crown flowers and monkeypod trees. Morey's unfinished projects lie around like abandoned prototypes at a Department of Defense weapons laboratory.

His two oldest sons guide you on a tour. Their names are Sol and Moon. Morey gave his first three sons celestial names: Sol, Moon and Sky. The fourth was named Matteson. "Sky's the limit," Morey says.

Sol, 10, and Moon, 9, start in the living room, where their father keeps his books on Buddhism, science fiction novels and Uncle Scrooge comic books. These are his major influences and sources of inspiration. In Uncle Scrooge he likes the character Gyro Gearloose, a fellow inventor. He mines Gyro for ideas. In fact, half of Morey's inventions look as if they belong in a comic book.

Sol and Moon show off their father's



Get your heart out, Stradivarius. In his curved workshop, Morey displays his styrene-bead ukulele. Meanwhile, a trio of players ponder the intricacies of three-sided chess.



brainchildren. The very first Boogie board hangs on a wall of an alcove. Morey designed it 11 years ago, curving out slabs of polyethylene foam with an electric knife, and ironing over newspapers to melt and shape them. On the early Boogie board you could ride the waves while reading *The Honolulu Advertiser*.

The walls of one room in Morey's home are decorated with sketches of a proposed 1½-mile-square inland "surfatorium" with catch nets and large concrete bumps to create permanent standing waves. He wants to call this idyllic water park Morey Boogie Land. He'd like to build it in Hawaii, where the ocean surfing is already the finest in the world.

The Air Skate rests near the driveway. Morey's sons call it a "flying rooftop." The Air Skate is 30 feet long and powered by a 55-hp VW engine with a

propeller mounted on the Skate's stern, as on an Everglades swamp skimmer. It was supposed to skate along the waves like a manta ray and, with any luck, take off. Morey tested it, more or less successfully, several times, but now it's just sitting in his yard, sort of like Howard Hughes's *Spruce Goose*, which is parked now in Long Beach, Calif. Morey's ideas tend to be smaller than Howard Hughes's because he doesn't have as much money as Hughes did.

"Tom is a born tinkerer," says John Severson, editorial director of *Wind Surf* and a longtime friend of Morey's. "For him, everything's in a continual state of evolution. It's his greatest strength and weakness. There isn't anything that exists that doesn't need some parts added on. A lot of Tom's projects don't get carried out. He's in the material world and

continued



A pair of Air Skates (above) clutter up the Morey front yard; the spelling on Tom's T shirt is evidently as bendable as his "Flexible-form sports flying disc"; a Fantopper cheers a Kona Coast citizen.



TOM MOREY *continued*

runs up against limitations, like cash."

At home, Sol says, "We're getting to the interesting part." The interesting part is a curved work shed that Morey designed himself. On one wall is a stack of experimental sailboards and some early Boogie boards, their surfaces all rough and ripped. "Cats," Moon says laconically. Cats are fond of polyethylene foam as they are of overstuffed sofas. "That's Dad's absotivity hoop over there," says Moon. It's a glorified Hula Hoop that may have been recovered from the Lost Ark, but at present it isn't being used for anything. "Why does everything have to do something?" asks Morey. "Why can't something just be?"

Morey wears a T shirt that says PITY



THE POOR BIRD WHO CONSISTANTLY [sic] SEEMS TO KNOW WHAT THE HELL HE'S DOING, and an expression both beatific and world-weary. In conversation, he spins off ideas you couldn't follow with a blueprint. Listening to him is like staring at breakers; the notions keep coming and are ever-changing.

He drones on and on and on about his inventions like a Zen master at an infinite prayer wheel. As a matter of fact, he once had a Zen master living with him, but

now he's a devotee of a religion that includes Buddhist, Christian and Islamic elements. One of Bahaim's prophets is Bab, a 19th-century Persian who, Morey says, heralded the dawn of a new era. Bab was a contemporary of Samuel Morse, Karl Marx, Charles Goodyear and other presurging innovators—and of the fictitious U.S. patent-office official who resigned because everything had already been invented.

In keeping with the spirit of Bahaim, Morey invented the Boogie board to promote universal brotherhood. Indeed, he demanded that the present manufacturer, Kransco in San Francisco, stamp each Boogie board with the current Bahai year, which is now 139. Most people think it's the model number.

Morey believes the reason his Boogie board is so quick and lively is that it "conforms to the rhythm of the waves," the same rhythm, he says, that is the basis of all art, science and philosophy. "Waves are living creatures," he says. "I see everything that's going on as waves. We are chop on the face of the sea of reality. The ocean converses with you directly. The ocean is an organ of a whole being, and it tells you what's going on. By surfing on the Boogie board, you are communing with the rhythms of nature."

Morey had his first communion with nature at age 10. His family moved to Laguna Beach, Calif. from a tough Detroit neighborhood; his earliest memory is of five boys hitting him over the head with a toy gun. After a bout with rheumatic fever, he entered a paddleboard competition at Laguna and finished second. He has hardly left the water since.

At the University of Southern California, Morey majored in math but spent most of his time drumming and surfing. "Tom was one of the best surfers of the '50s," says Severson. "He was very fluid. He had one set of continuous moves."

At college he co-invented the Fantopper, a tangle of corrugated paper that opened up into a hat, a sculpture or a sail-sail bowl. Perhaps it's a measure of the glorious '50s that he sold 100,000 of them at a buck apiece. It was later marketed as the Happi-Hat in a mail-order catalog that also offered other inventors' products, such as Bunton Bandage and Nudie ice-cube trays. "Super-cool, yet gives full sun protection with ultimate in ventilation. Great for convertibles, boats, golf, picnics, the beach or gardening. . . . For fashionable fun, be the first to sport one."

continued

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Sales of the hat were perhaps limited by the fact that it became soggy when wet, uncool for a hat.

Morey worked for Douglas Aircraft as a process engineer, specializing in rocket nozzles and filament windings, but around 1964 he opened a surfshop and went to work on his own designs. Earlier, he had pioneered turned-down noses on surfboards. He collaborated on a tri-sectioned surfboard that folded into a suitcase. "I remember Tim once took it out to the Banzai Pipeline," Severson says. "He and the board wound up in four parts, three of which are now at the bottom of the Pipeline. It was the first time I saw his little boogie streak."

Morey continued to work on his surfing innovations while free-lancing for Surfer, then published by Severson. "Tom would write fanciful stories about what might be done to turn surfboards into spaceships," Severson says.

Morey set out in 1971 to design something lightweight that had the performance of a surfboard but was softer when it smashed you in the head after a wipeout. Morey made the board short and sleek, and replaced the traditional surfboard skegs with Vacuum Track Rails that practically weld it to the water. Thus the Morey Boogie board. It offers both a comfortable and relatively inexpensive ride for neophyte surfers. (The board now sells for \$30 to \$60, much cheaper than the \$200 to \$300 price range of a quality surfboard.)

Three years later he began selling the Boogie board out of a surfshop in Carlsbad, Calif., and pretty soon there were more Boogie boarders on the adjacent waves than surfers, a fact that hasn't exactly endeared them to surfers, many of whom are distressed at what they see as the despoiling of their sport. The Boogie board was perhaps the quintessential invention for Southern California—you could ride the waves on your stomach like a Hollywood biggie on his mistress's table, or you could stand back on it holding on to a neoprene leash like Zsa Zsa walking her poodles.

The Boogie board—and the money it has brought—has taken Morey out of the ranks of the mildly wonky basement crackpot. As the one great financial success in his perpetual printout of ideas, it gives Morey credibility, so that now nobody dares to completely kiss off his wilder inventions.

Three years ago Morey made a trip so

England to visit John Searl, an inventor who claims to have devised a pilotless vertical lift-off machine that operates on "inverse gravity." "It tapped the difference between the confusion of reality and the stillness of the void," says Morey. Translated, that means the machine was a good idea, but before its time. Morey, who believes that Searl's invention is the wave of the future ("The whole idea of conventional aircraft is going out the window," Morey says), envisions a circular craft with a centrifugal blower in its center and wings shaped like a toilet seat. He hesitates to call it a flying saucer because he doesn't want people to think he's a crank.

He has also conceived a more "aerodynamically sound" football. He rejects the standard one that is kicked around these days. "Whoever made the first football was limited by what could be done with the skin of a pig, a rubber bladder and rawhide lacing," he says. Although Morey hasn't shown his football to the public, he describes it as made of "solid-core, closed-cell flexible foam, coated with urethane." He adds that the shape has been "optimized, refined, rifled."

Morey is also working most diligently on a new universal language and numbers system, so simple that even a surfer could understand it. His spirally alphabet resembles the paths worms trace under rocks. And his numerals, composed of primitive lines and circles, recalls the petroglyphs carved in lava behind his house.

The petroglyphs are a big tourist attraction on the Big Island. Morey's front yard has become a sort of minor exhibit along their route. Almost everyone stops and gawks. "Does anyone see commercial potential in this junk?" asks one tourist. "Yeah," Morey replies, "just everyone who ever looks at it." Morey doesn't suffer fools gladly.



Many branches grow on the Morey family tree. Clockwise from top: Sol, Moon, Marchia, Sky, Tom and Matteson.

Not even if they're potential investors. Morey thinks investors are only interested in turning a profit. Most are color-blind, he says. "What if I see a color nobody's ever seen before?" he asks. "I try to figure out a way to show it to somebody, and that somebody says, 'If I invest in this color, will I get my money back?'"

Morey thinks people should invest and stop asking venal questions. And believes gamblers should put their money on inventors rather than racetracks.

Morey is secretive about how much money he has made, but he doesn't look rich. "Like any baby, I'm just toddling along," he says, "seeing what the next thing is. I don't know what I'm doing."

He hopes to use the Boogie board material to build lightweight airships, hang gliders and blimps that "fly through the air like fish." So when the new world finally arrives, remember to duck. **END**

It was all over but the shouting, and that is more than just a figure of speech. The announcer for the Bruce Jenner/Macholob Light track and field classic at the San Jose City College stadium was saying:

"Well, folks, that's it, thanks for coming." But most of the folks were already gone, so few of them will ever say, "Remember the '82 Jenner?" or hear the reply, "Were you there, too?" Few of them

A Spear-Carrier No More



Bob Roggy moved to center stage after making an astounding throw to break the American javelin record

by **DAN LEVIN**

will ever say those things, unless, that is, they sat in their seats to the glorious finish, or were among those who lingered in the emptying parking lots until late afternoon and heard an explosion of shouting and whistling, unless they peered back at the nearly deserted stadium and saw at its far end a tight knot of diehards waving their arms, unless they hurried back to observe a huge, handsome and seemingly bewildered 25-year-old named Bob Roggy (rhymes with logy, which he is occasionally accused of being), who had just thrown a javelin the startling distance of 307' 6". That broke Mark Murro's 12-year-old American record of 300 feet, which of course is the length of a football field, and a javelin weighs 800 grams (18 pounds) and is more than eight feet long. Consider that.

The javelin competition at the Jenner meet had usually been held in the morning, there being in track and field a well-founded fear of what might happen when large, pointed objects soar near crowds. But the Jenner people were tempted by the prospect of providing an audience for athletes who usually never see one, and by the record-making potential in the prevailing afternoon winds. As it turned out, the wind wasn't a factor, it blew across the field, not down it. Thus, after the effusive Willie Banks had won the triple jump, the next-to-last event on the day's program, the fans began filing out.

continued

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Newkirk met her fiancé when they were both undergraduates at Southern Illinois.

BOB ROGGY continued

It has always been a bad idea to turn one's back on a javelin thrower; Roggy would soon make that doubly true.

The previous evening he had lain on the floor of his hotel room, stretching. "I'm really relaxed," he told his fiancée, Sheryl Newkirk, also 25, a membership saleswoman and aerobic dancing teacher at the Holiday Spa in Encino, Calif.

"Two hundred and seventy-five feet should win. I figure I can do that and still not put too much pressure on..."

Roggy touched his left knee, where the patellar tendon had been painfully inflamed since mid-March. In the five weeks since, he had been afraid to put his full weight on it, until two days before the meet he hadn't so much as lifted a javelin. But the men's javelin and shotput events had been designated USA/Mobil

Outdoor Grand Prix events, in the Jenner and in two future events. There was legal money to be made, as much as \$2,500 in all at the three meets, a strange and wonderful phenomenon to an amateur athlete. So the next afternoon Roggy stood on the field at San Jose and gingerly flexed his knee.

He was ninth to throw in a field of 11, and his first two attempts went only 260' 10" and 261' 2", putting him in fourth place. He knew that his throwing arm was coming around too early, before he had planted his tender left leg, and a javelin thrower's leg should be planted before the arm begins its movement. Roggy decided, too, that he needed more speed coming down the runway, especially in the cross-stepping phase of the run-in, that crablike series of steps that enable a javelin thrower to turn his upper body parallel to the runway and to launch the implement with full power.

On Roggy's third attempt he ran faster, but even so he was more controlled. His throw came out nice and low, but not too low. A javelin has to break parallel in order to score. Roggy's did, and it dug in at 258 feet and three inches, the best throw of his life. "I can't believe it," he kept saying.

Roggy figured he could win the competition without even making his last three attempts. "Why risk injury?" he said to his roommate, shotputter Dave Laut, whose put of 66' 4½" had placed him second to Brian Oldfield's 66' 6".

Laut reminded him, "You're less than two feet short of the American record."

Roggy's knee felt fine, so he decided to continue, and on his momentous fourth attempt he seemed even more aggressive than on the third. He started four feet farther back and he blazed down the runway even more quickly this time, seemingly deep in concentration, but relaxed so. His arm came up and over like a whip, the javelin shot downrange, and Roggy watched in wonderment.

Someone shouted, "At least 300 feet," and the judges headed out with the measuring tape. Roggy looked at the tape at his end and saw the figure 300, and at that point the tape wasn't even close to the toeboard. As he walked away, clapping a hand to his head—he really

continued



Roggy says he would not last five minutes in one of Newkirk's aerobic dance classes.



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couldn't believe it—he heard a judge saying, "Oh-one, oh-two, oh-three."

Roggy's throw was 14' 6" farther than his previous best and only 9' 10" short of the world record of 317' 4", set in 1980 by Ferenc Paragi of Hungary. From all directions people begin to converge around Roggy. They simply materialized, like people who appear out of nowhere at a traffic accident on a seemingly deserted street.

Roggy threw again, of course, for his well-wishers, for himself, for posterity, and the javelin stuck in the turf 299' 8" away. In consecutive attempts, after a three-week layoff, he had achieved the three best performances of a career that had begun 12 years earlier, at Holmdel (N.J.) High School, about the time Mark Murro set his American record. Murro was a Jersey boy, too, from Newark—which isn't just coincidence because Jersey was one of only 17 states that sanctioned high school javelin competitions at that time.

Roggy's main interest back then was football, although he did go out for track, hoping to throw the discus. But the track coach said, "No, we have enough discus throwers. What we need is someone for the javelin."

So Roggy threw the javelin.

As a sophomore at Holmdel he threw it 130 feet. He improved by 20 to 30 feet each year, and as a senior at Southern Illinois University he won the 1978 NCAA championship with a throw of 283' 9". His preliminary throw of 293 feet is still the NCAA meet record.

Roggy also high-jumped 6' 8" that year—at a weight of 245, which must be some kind of record—to win the event at the SIU-Wisconsin meet. About the same time he pole-vaulted 13' 6", long-jumped 23' 5", triple-jumped 48' 6", and ran the hundred in 10.2. SIU Track Coach Lew Hartzog says now, "Had we not felt that his greatness was with the javelin, I'm convinced that he could have done as well in the decathlon."

When Roggy graduated from Southern Illinois in 1978, with a B.S. in physics and kinesiology, he had just met Newkirk, a classmate and dance-pjett ed major from Arlington Heights, Ill. To be near the busiest track-meet circuit, Roggy moved to California. Newkirk followed, and they became engaged in April 1981. Now he lives in Santa Barbara, sharing a three-bedroom tract house with Sherry's black rottweiler, Rogue. Laut,

who had thrown for UCLA, Laut's wife, Jane, and their German shepherd, Kelsey. The house is 10 miles south of Ronald Reagan's ranch in the sky, but worlds away in terms of sweat socks, dog hairs, barbells and javelins per square foot. It's also only three miles down Route 101 from the Pauley outdoor track and field facility of the University of California at Santa Barbara, where Roggy trains three times a week. The sun always shines there, but not too insistently, and the only alien note, coming from beyond a large and pungent grove of eucalyptus trees, is the hum of tires on 101.

Roggy leads an idyllic life, despite his having to pay the bills by working four nights a week until 2 a.m. as a bouncer (he pronounces it "greeter") at a busy little Italian restaurant named Rocky Galanti's. "I'm very diplomatic," he says. "These hands are much too important to me." He can afford to be diplomatic. One night recently a mean-looking drunk staggered toward the doorway, but one look at Roggy, and the drunk staggered away. In greeting, as well as in javelin throwing, it helps to stand 6' 4", to weigh 240, and to have a 48-inch chest over a 35-inch waist under an 18-inch neck.

The days following the Jenner meet were typical for Roggy. He would sleep until 10 or 11, and then down a milkshake made with four raw eggs, 10 tablespoons of All Star Instant 90% Milk & Egg Protein and 10 tablespoons of chocolate-flavored Rapid Weight Gain. All he had eaten the morning of his record throw at San Jose was a breakfast of 1½ fried eggs, a piece of toast and a cup of coffee.

Roggy paid one of his twice-weekly visits to a chiropractor named Sal Arria. He lay on an adjustment table, as Arria manipulated his spine. "Javelin throwing is very rotational at best, and very stressful to the human body, especially to one as big and strong as Bob's," said Arria. Roggy didn't have to be reminded of that.

The rotation had led to pinched nerves in the area of his fourth, fifth, and sixth thoracic vertebrae, causing pain to radiate throughout his middle back. Arria makes the pain go away. He calls the condition thoracic radicular syndrome. Roggy so admires Arria's abilities that he plans to be a chiropractor himself one day.

That afternoon at the track Roggy spent 10 minutes running 75-yard dashes and an equal time running hurdles. He



Roggy and shotputter Laut work in their garage gym.

rarely does any other running, and he says he couldn't last five minutes in one of Newkirk's aerobic dance classes. The dashes and hurdles, he says, are "good for agility and coordination. And you have to attack each hurdle, just like you have to attack the javelin runway."

Roggy borrowed a shot from Laut, who was working out nearby. He cradled it in both hands, at waist level, and, exhaling with a "whoosh," he flipped the shot back over his head.

Laut said, "That's a hip exercise, for
continued

explosive-type movements made by fast-twitch muscle fibers."

On Roggy's fourth flip, Laut, 6'4", 265 pounds, the world's fifth-ranking shotputter this year and NCAA champion in 1978 and '79, said, "Uh, 60 feet. I couldn't do that. I'm not as agile as Bob is."

Laut was asked, "But, as a rule, aren't javelin throwers generally more agile than shotputters?"

"Yes," he said, "but Bob is unusually agile even for a javelin thrower. He'd be great in the decathlon."

A decathlete named Dan Bonarh, working out nearby, said, "Let's hope he never tries. Gawd, I just wish I had his power."

Roggy flipped the shot for 20 minutes, then he grabbed a discus and sailed it out as if it were a Frisbee a half dozen times. "This helps with my hip drive, too," he said.

In the parking lot, Roggy met a female friend from Southern Illinois, who threw



Roggy's record had Newkirk up in the air.



Roggy and rival Bruce Kennedy look on as a U.S.-record 307' 6" of tape unfolds.

her arms around him and exclaimed, "I read about you in the Sunday paper!

"This guy has a lot of talent," she said to Roggy's visitor. "I always told him, 'If you ever decided to really work out, you could be an Olympic champion.'"

"I will be," Roggy said.

"But he is a little, uh, lazy."

They both found that amusing, but later Roggy made it plain that the assessment was based on a misunderstanding of the challenge he faces. "I never used to work out with the javelin that much, and I still don't," he explained, not for the first time in his life. "I can do a lot of other things. I don't have to throw every day. As Sal said about the rotation problem, it's too stressful, throwing hard three or four times a week."

The next day Roggy spent two hours in a fully equipped weight room that was once a garage. It still is, actually, except that as long as he and Laut live at that address no car will ever enter it. Arrayed around the floor are 1,000 pounds or so of weights, worth, perhaps, \$3,000; two racks, for squatting with heavy barbells,

and behind one of them a six-by-three-foot mirror; wooden platforms; two incline benches, one for upper-body presses and the other for leg extensions and leg curls; and miscellaneous items, such as 15 javelins standing in a corner, each worth from \$100 to \$350. "The tips bend," Roggy says, "the hand grips wear out." "I get a new one at least every year." A few feet away is a fiendish training aid called Inversion Boots. Roggy straps them to his ankles after every workout; then he hooks them to an overhead bar and hangs there, a great, awesome bait, sometimes for 10 minutes. "It's for decompression purposes," he says.

On this day Roggy did six different sets of squats, starting with 200 pounds and concluding with 480. Each set consisted of six repetitions, and, he said, "In a few weeks I'll get the reps down to three. Now I'm just getting my strength up. The three reps will be for explosive power."

He did bench presses and bent rowing movements and 25 sit-ups with a 50-pound weight behind his neck. Then he placed a Schnell bar, which weighs 135 pounds, on his shoulders, and lunged forward and down with one leg, bending the knee to a right angle, the rear knee almost touching the floor. He did 10 reps with each leg, observing, "A lot of people don't understand that javelin throwing is 80 percent legs. The more you do with your legs the better off you are."

"Then how do you account for what happened at San Jose?"

"That was imagery," he said. "I couldn't throw all those weeks, so I kept imagining myself coming down the runway, and on that day the images were very strong. It just took me a few times to get it right."

"So what do you visualize next for yourself?"

"Going out and . . . breaking the world record."

"And where would you like to do that?"

"Lots of places. The TAC meet in June, for one, because it's so big."

"Maybe they'll put you on last again, and that won't seem as big a deal."

But that didn't seem likely. The crowds will be waiting for Bob Roggy now.

As Yogi Berra is supposed to have said, and as the track fans at San Jose seemed to forget, "The game isn't over till it's over."

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Gus doesn't make any fuss

But Cliff Gustafson of Texas does win, more often than any other coach

by Douglas S. Looney

12-acre spread 10 miles southwest of Austin is also home for 20 guinea hens and roosters, whose only purpose in life is to eat rattlesnakes. And at mealtime, Gustafson drinks his iced tea from a huge Lipton Tea jar.

"Do you always fill it clear up?" a visitor asks.

"Certainly," he replies. "Who would ever want a half-filled jar? If I didn't want to drink a quart and a half of tea, don't you think I'd have myself a smaller jar?" Besides, he says a jar just fits his hand better than a glass. See how simple life can be for a practical man?

Indeed, this tells you a lot about the 51-year-old Gustafson, whose Longhorns ended their regular season last week with a 44-4 record. His winning percentage of .830 (713 wins, 146 losses) in 15 years at Texas ranks far ahead of that of the runner-up, Arizona State's Jim Brock (.775). (USC's Rod DeDeaux easily has the most wins, with 1,078 in 35 years of coaching, but his winning percentage is "only" .736.) Says Brock, "Gustafson is a good guy and he wins, and usually those two things are mutually exclusive."

Brock is correct, because Gustafson is down home, straight ahead and indescribably decent. When he wants to have fun, he goes home, picks up his guitar and sings country songs—including one he wrote himself—to his wife, Jamie. In fact, all he ever wanted to do and, more important, all he ever wants to do, is coach the Texas baseball team.

Since Gustafson arrived in Austin, the Longhorns have won the Southwest Conference championship 13 times, have been to the College World Series in Omaha nine times and won the national title in 1975. Asked if he feels he should have won it more often than that, Gustafson drills his questioner with his no-nonsense eyes and says, "Did you ever think maybe we shouldn't have even won it once?" Texas' bid for another national championship begins with the confer-

ence tournament in College Station next week.

The Longhorns are one of the favorites to win the College World Series, of course, though not as big a favorite as Gustafson is around Austin. In describing him, nobody can come up with a single fault, except his son, Deron, who says, "Well, he's not real tall." (He's 5'9".) Gustafson's prize graduate, Dodger Pitcher Burt Hooton, says, "I've always wanted to be just like Gus, but so far the only similarity is we're both bald." So much for negatives. Howard Richards, a member of the Texas Board of Regents, says, "I wish we could clone Cliff and let him coach every sport." Athletic Director DeLoss Dodds adds, "If you took the best parts of all coaches, you'd get a Gus."

Longhorn Shortstop Spike Owen, a can't-miss major league prospect, was asked if Gustafson had ever done anything to help his game. "Naw, not really," says Owen. "All I can think of is that I used to take two or three little crows hops before I'd throw. He got that out of me in a week. My foot work deep in the hole was terrible, and he fixed that. He changed my throwing from over the top to three-quarters. He changed my grip on the bat entirely. Then he changed my stance. So he hasn't changed me much." Pitcher Calvin Schiraldi says, "All Coach Gus is, is a genius."

This explains how it is that Texas doesn't so much play good baseball as good Gusball, a gambling, run-a-bunch style in which nobody worries about hits. Eleven times this year the Horns have had more runs than hits. In 1981 Baylor got Gussied but good when the Horns scored seven runs on one hit in the last inning to win 13-6.

Like all good coaches and managers, Gustafson is crafty and cunning and, yes,

Cliff Gustafson, the University of Texas baseball coach, who wins more frequently than any other college coach in the sport, is a simple man. He chews and spits, eats a peanut butter and honey sandwich every day, drives a 1972 Ford pickup and, when he really wants to kick up his heels, plays dominoes.

He's a man who hates travel, which is why 38 of Texas' 48 regular-season games were at home this spring and why he says he would manage in the big leagues only if they put a team in Austin. Even then he'd just work the home games. He hates change, which is why he got so mad the other day when somebody threw out the green coffee cup he'd been using for 19 years after the handle broke off. "Dumb," he fumed. He's forthright, which is why, for example, he says he thinks he's substantially overpaid at \$38,000 a year.

And he's practical, which is why his

sometimes wrong. For example, in the 1973 College World Series, with the score tied in the bottom of the eighth, he ordered his pitcher to walk USC's Ed Putnam and pitch to the next hitter. That's how Gustafson became probably the only skipper to deliberately create an opportunity to face Fred Lynn—who homered as Texas lost.

Mostly though, Texas wins by going its own sweet way. For example, perhaps no team on any level takes more pitches. Further, Gustafson doesn't just coach, he teaches. Says Arkansas Coach Norm DeBry: "Gus really believes that repetition is the mother of skill." No wonder that 25 Longhorns have played pro ball after learning at Gustafson's knee. Besides Hooten, the list includes Cub Catcher Keith Moreland and infielder David Chalk, once an All-Star for the Angels.

Gentle as Gustafson may be, nobody has ever accused him of not having enough gravel in his gut. A year ago, a high school catcher from California, Jeff Hearron, had promised to come to Texas. But he subsequently wavered and said he might go instead to Arizona State. Gustafson called Hearron, who said, "I'm going to pray over my decision." Snapped Gustafson, "So am I, only I'm going to pray that the Lord will forgive you for being a liar." Hearron is now the Texas catcher.

One of Gustafson's favorite sayings is "Don't let yourself down. Remember, to thee own self be true."

And the players respond to that?

"I doubt it," he says.

This simple, straightforward attitude was imbued in Gustafson when he was growing up in south Texas, the son of a sharecropper who fought the drought and the weevils and two cantankerous mules while attempting to scratch out a living growing cotton. His father died at 38, and young Cliff went to work in the fields. "I don't know that cotton-pickin' can teach a fella a whole lot," says Gustafson, "except that when there's work to do, do it." Later he nibbled at the fringes of a pro career, but instead accepted a job as baseball coach at South San Antonio High, where his 13-year record was 344-85-5, including seven state championships and, as a finale, a winning streak in 1966-67 of 45 straight. When Durrel Royal, then the Texas athletic director, called Gustafson about the Texas job, Gustafson was embarrassed to be making such a lofty sum as \$11,500 at South San,

so he told Royal he was earning only \$10,500. Royal offered him the same amount to come to Texas.

The overriding point is that Gustafson wins not because he loves baseball but because he cherishes it, nurtures it and holds it close to his heart. "The only bad thing," he says, "is that the agony of defeat sure lasts a lot longer than the ecstasy of victory. It shouldn't be that way."

The other night Gustafson was singing songs to Janie and reflecting on the joys of baseball. "It's the atmosphere of the game," he says. "It's that free feeling you get out in the ball yard catching and throwing. In what other game do you get so many chances to visit with your opponent? What's better in life than standing around the batting cage ribbing each other? And what other sport has a statistic as well known or understood as a batting average? You ask any player what he's hitting and he'll say, 'Oh, I don't know. Something like .267.' All baseball is, really, is entertainment for the fans and recreational activity for the players. Of course, nobody believes me when I say that." Believe him.



NL EAST Picky, picky That was what the western teams were during a week of interdivisional combat in which they overwhelmed the eastern clubs 24-15. Houston and Cincinnati hitters picked apart the St. Louis staff for 40 runs. Meanwhile, opposing pitchers picked on Keith Hernandez of the Cardinals (2-5), who went 0 for 16. The Padres picked on the Mets (2-5) by hitting routine balls to them; the New Yorkers made eight errors in three games in San Diego. Los Angeles, which the previous week had sent Scout Eddie Leisner to check out the Philadelphia (3-3) pitchers, stole seven bases on them in three games. Three came during Dick Ruthven, which is nothing new, during the past two seasons runners have been safe in 32 of 33 tries against him, including 23 in a row.

Eastern teams, though, had some upbeat moments. The Phillies scored in only two innings of a three-game series in L.A., but that was enough to beat the Dodgers 9-3 in one of those games. Pete Rose tied a league record with his ninth five-hit game that night. A two-run homer in the 10th by Bo Diaz made Steve Carlton a 3-1 winner in San Diego. On Sun-

day, Mike Krukow's four-hitter and Mike Schmidt's two-run homer, his first since coming off the disabled list, cooled off the Padres 3-0. Dickie Nolas of the Cubs (2-4) beat the Reds 6-0 with a one-hitter. Dave Kingman of the Mets hit his 300th career home run. The Pirates (1-4) walked 12 homers and batted .296. Jason Thompson, who had 20 RBIs in the last 18 games, drove in 12 runs and Tony Pena eight. And for the first time since July 1979, the Expos (3-3) won at Dodger Stadium, 4-2 and 13-1. The latter win went to Steve Rogers, who earlier had beaten the Giants 3-2.

ETL 14-0 MONT 11-8 NY 11-12
PIT 8-12 CHI 8-15 PHIL 7-14

NL WEST "During our win streak we stressed not getting overexcited. And when you're in a losing streak, it's the same thing, just in reverse. You have to know how to lose, too." So said Manager Joe Torre of the Braves (4-3), who started the season 13-0 and then lost five straight Atlanta fans, displaying none of the equanimity that Torre seeks from his players, whooped and howled as homers by Claudell Washington, Dale Murphy and Bob Horner helped beat Pittsburgh 7-6 and end the five-game skid. For the week, Murphy had three round-trippers and 10 RBIs. Washington, who batted .423, homered for a 1-0 victory over the Cubs, who were held in check by Steve DeGrieco and Reliever Gene Garber. The day before, Garber was the winner and Rick Camp the savior during a 3-0 defeat of Chicago. Those were the Braves' first back-to-back shutouts since April of 1978.

"Our bats have been singing," said Manager Dick Williams of the Padres (3-3). Pitcher Tim Lollar had one of the most melodious sticks, slugging his second home run of the season while shutting out New York 6-0. For the season Lollar had six hits in 12 at bats, was 2-0 and had a 2.27 ERA. Five innings of shut-out relief by Eric Show made him an 8-5 victor over the Mets, and a carbon copy performance by Luis Delmon made him to gain a 9-6 triumph over the Phils. San Diego's relief corps, the youngest and least experienced in the majors, had a 7-1 record, seven saves and a 1.44 ERA for the year.

Young pitchers buoyed the Giants (5-2), too. "I know people are saying that maybe this is the first time in major league history that an established team has changed its entire rotation, but we hope it works." Manager Frank Robinson said. Last week it worked as San Francisco, which had traded away 1981 starters Doyle Alexander, Vida Blue, Alan Ripley and Ed Whison, moved up from sixth to fourth. Three members of the revamped staff won: Bill Laskay, 24, defeated Montreal 7-0 on three hits, Alan Fowles, 23, beat the Expos 7-3; and Aulek Hammarik, 24, knocked off the Mets 6-3. And a three-run,

continued

last-of-the-ninth pinch homer by Reggie Smith jarred New York 5-4. Greg Minion preserved a 4-3 Sunday triumph over the Mets despite giving up his first home run in 269½ innings since September 1978, a drive by John Stearns.

Jerry Reuss of the Dodgers (3-3) won twice. The first victory was his second shutout in a row, 3-0 over the Phillies. He owed his other win, 2-1 over Montreal, to Jorge Orta, who hit a two-run pinch homer in the seventh. One hit was all Burt Hooton allowed while shutting out Philly 4-0.

Dave Concepcion highlighted the Cincinnati (4-2) attack by going on a .455 tear. But the biggest blow was a grand slam by Dan Driessen that helped Mario Soto coast past the Cardinals 10-1.

All bad things must come to an end, or at least they did for the Astros (5-2). Nolan Ryan chalked up his first two victories. Jose Cruz hit his first three homers. Tony Scott broke out of the batting doldrums with a .520 week. And, after a loss in Pittsburgh dropped Houston's record there to 30-108, Don Sutton beat the Pirates 4-3 and Ryan defeated them 6-3.

ATL 17-6 SD 14-7 LA 11-12
SF 11-12 CIN 10-12 NYY 11-14

AL EAST

Whenever Ted Williams speaks, batters listen up. Rookie Wade Boggs of the Red Sox (6-1) sought advice from Williams, who was on hand for an oldtimers' game, and was told, "Don't worry and don't chase bad pitches. Hit the ball where it's pitched. And wait for your pitch." Though Williams didn't follow his own advice, going 0 for 2, Boggs singled in the 12th and scored the run that defeated Texas 6-5. That gave Boston an 8-3 record in one-run games. The Sox, whose eight-game winning streak helped them equal the club record of 13 April victories, had an easy time of it only when Chuck Stanley beat the White Sox 5-0, when Mike Torrez held the Rangers to four hits as he won 7-1 and when Dennis Eckersley blanked Texas 6-0.

Two reasons the Tigers (3-3) are off to a fast start is their defense and the pitching of Jack Morris. Detroit, which leads the league with a .999 fielding percentage, made only three errors, while Morris won for the fourth straight time when he held off the Twins 5-2.

Perhaps the most surprising statistic so far was that the Blue Jays (4-2), who batted .335 last week, were first in the league with a .286 average. Buck Martinez, who used to play for Kansas City, had seven RBIs in four games there. Dave Stieb beat the Royals 7-0 on a five-hitter for his first win.

Several other players pulled out of tailspins. Gorman Thomas of Milwaukee (3-2) slammed his first two home runs of the season. Gary Roenicke of the Orioles (3-3), who had fanned 12 times during an 0-for-20

BALL PARK FIGURES

According to the Elias Sports Bureau, the pitchers with the highest career batting averages based on at least 100 at bats through May 2 are

	AB	H	AVG
1. Don Robinson, Pitt.	212	55	.259
2. Mike Krukow, Phil.	275	64	.233
3. Rick Rhoden, Pitt.	325	75	.231
4. Rick Sutcliffe, Clev.	124	27	.218
5. Don Schatzeder, SF	107	23	.215
6. Steve Renko, Cal.	531	114	.215
7. Bob Forsch, St. L.	532	111	.209
8. Bill Lee, Mont.	197	41	.208
9. Charlie Hough, Tex.	130	27	.208
10. Randy Lerch, Mil.	232	48	.207

slump, hit a three-run homer to help Jim Palmer gain his first win, 9-4 over the Angels. Other first-time winners were Scott McGreger of Baltimore, Tommy John of 3-3 New York (page 40) and Larry Sorensen of Cleveland (2-4). The Indians, however, lost two players in one game when Catcher Chris Bando sustained a broken right index finger and Bert Blyleven had a recurrence of the elbow miseries that dogged him last season. But Cleveland runners remained healthy, eight of them combining for 13 stolen bases.

DOS 15-7 DET 14-9 MIL 11-6 NY 9-11
TOR 9-13 CLEV 8-12 BAL 7-13

AL WEST

"This was just an example that if you keep fighting and don't give up, you don't know what's going to happen," said Gaylord Perry of the Mariners (2-4). What happened was that Perry, down 2-1 after one inning in New York, got his 299th victory when Seattle won 6-3 by scoring five runs off Goose Gosage in the final two innings. Earlier in the week, during a five-run Seattle 11th that finished off Cleveland 7-4, rookie Jim Malar doubled in the go-ahead run. That helped Malar tie a club record with 16 RBIs in April.

During his first nine seasons, Geoff Zahn of the Angels (3-3) had an undistinguished 69-78 record and a 3.91 ERA. So why was he suddenly 4-0 and 1.05? The difference is that Zahn's left knee was strengthened by off-season surgery and that he now has a slider to keep batters off balance. Zahn last week baffled New York 2-0. Bob Boone had two game-winning singles, and Don Baylor, after twice failing to bunt a runner along in the 13th inning, jolted Baltimore 6-4 with a two-run home run.

Unlike Baylor, Cesar Geronimo of the Royals (3-3) bunted safely. With Frank White on third and Ona Concepcion on first and two down in the last of the eighth of a 7-7 game with Toronto, K.C. Manager Dick

Howser called for a daring double steal. Instead, in an even more daring move, Geronimo, who had spotted Blue Jay Third Baseman Rance Mullins playing deep, dropped down a bunt. Geronimo legged it out and White sped home with the decisive run. Geronimo, who hadn't been at bat until last week, led off the next night with a home run against the Blue Jays and added two singles in a second straight 8-7 victory. As had happened the night before, Gram Jackson came out of the bullpen to pick up the win, and Dan Quisenberry again earned the save, his seventh. Hal McRae had 11 RBIs and during two games at Fenway Park rattled hits in all directions—a homer to left, a triple to left center, a home run to right and a double to right center.

Oakland (5-1) climbed above .500 as Ricky Henderson stole eight bases and boosted his major league-leading total to 25. Dan Meyer drove in four runs to help beat Baltimore 9-6, and Jeff Newman had four RBIs to support Rick Langford's three-hit, 8-0 white-washing of Cleveland.

For Chicago (3-5), Ron LeFlore hit his first homer in .399 at bats since joining the White Sox, the first grand slam of his nine-year career. Lamar Hoyt, who had been 3-0 in relief, earned a spot in the starting rotation when he raised his record to 5-0 by beating Milwaukee 11-2 and Detroit 10-3 as a starter, and Salome Barajas, who earlier had notched his sixth save, gave up his first earned run after 14½ innings.

Gary Gaetti homered twice for the Twins (2-3). His first blast helped Pete Redfern defeat Detroit 4-2 and his second came as Roger Erickson beat Milwaukee 7-4.

All the Rangers (10-5) needed were two outs to defeat the Red Sox 5-4 and break a seven-game losing streak. Trouble was, Texas had two third basemen playing out of position because of numerous lineup shuffles—Buddy Bell at short and Bill Stein at second. With the

PLAYER OF THE WEEK

JASON THOMPSON: The Pirate first baseman slugged five home runs, drove in 12 runs, scored eight times and rined his batting average for the season to .338 by getting 11 base hits on 27 at bats (407).

bases jammed in the bottom of the 12th, Bell fielded a grounder and pegged the ball to Stein for a forceout. One out to go. Stein's relay to first, though, went into the Boston dugout. That error, the Rangers' ninth of the week, allowed two Sox runners to score and made Texas a 6-5 loser. The Texans did not err on Sunday. They also did not score, being done in by Boston 6-0. That made it nine consecutive losses.

CAL 16-8 KC 12-0 CH 12-9 OAK 13-11
SEA 11-14 MIN 9-15 TEX 6-13

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WRESTLING

by Craig Neff

Two-time world 163-pound wrestling champion Lee Kemp is basically a reserved, stolid Midwesterner, but last Thursday afternoon at the Devaney Sports Center in Lincoln, Neb., site of the national AAU senior freestyle tournament, he suddenly moved up to the edge of his seat and began pointing like an eager child. "Watch this," he said to those sitting around him. "He's going to do it." Kemp had been resting after his preliminary match when he spotted 220-pound Marine Sgt. Greg Gibson wrestling on one of the six mats in front of him. More precisely, Kemp had seen Gibson, who was sprawled atop James Phillips of Harvard, clamp his arms around Phillips' waist. That's where Kemp was pointing. "Here comes the gut wrench," he announced.

Gibson first squeezed the breath out of Phillips. Then, in a single arching movement, his arms still snug about Phillips' midsection, he flipped both himself and Phillips over so that Phillips' shoulders al-



Sgt. Gibson drew respectful attention.

A couple of very golden oldies

At the AAUs, two rather senior citizens showed off their specialties

most touched the mat. Gibson held his opponent in that position while bradging backward with his neck. "Obviously a rather powerful individual," said Kemp. Gibson couldn't quite pin Phillips, but he didn't have to: the two points he scored for exposing Phillips' back to the mat gave him enough of a lead—12-0—for the match to be halted on grounds of "technical superiority." Kemp settled back in his seat, satisfied with the performance.

For the most part, the three-day meet came off about as predictably as one of Gibson's gut wrenches. The New York Athletic Club won its 12th team title in 14 years, scoring 85 points to 61 for the second-place Sunkist Kids (a Western regional club), and such light and heavy favorites as 105.5-pound Bill Rosado of Las

Vegas and 255-pound Bruce Baumgartner of Indiana State breezed through their weight classes virtually unchallenged. Joe Gonzales (Gonzou, *Man on the Go*, May 3) got by his first three opponents at 125.5 pounds and then withdrew, giving no reason. Gene Mills of the New York Athletic Club won that class. U.S. National Coach Stan Dzedzic, on hand "to see if there's maybe an outstanding wrestler out there we've been overlooking," didn't find any. But as Dzedzic himself admitted, in this instance being stuck with the status quo isn't all that bad. "With the people we have right now," he said, "I think we could win six or seven medals [of a possible 10] in the '84 Olympics." Added Wisconsin Coach Russ Hellickson, "We're

on the threshold of being the best, the best, freestyle wrestling country in the world." The AAU meet also underscored the fact that the core of the U.S. strength is a couple of older competitors. Kemp, a 25-year-old Wisconsinite and America's most accomplished freestyle, and the 28-year-old Gibson, who's simply the most versatile wrestler anywhere, ever.

While Kemp was marveling at Gibson's exceptional gut wrench—the move itself isn't rare, but Gibson's skill in executing it is—other wrestlers and coaches were awed by his mere physical presence. The 6'3" Gibson is built along the lines of former heavyweight boxing champion—and ex-Marine—Ken Norton. Gibson has a 31-inch waist, an upper torso that appears to be twice that big around and, in the words of the 170-pound Dzedzic, "arms bigger than my legs." One referee said Gibson "looks like somebody's statue." Such is Gibson's athletic ability that he both wrestled and started at defensive tackle for two years at the University of Oregon and later had tryouts with three NFL teams, the Seahawks, 49ers and Eagles. He runs a 4.740 and dead-lifts 600 pounds. And while at Marine boot camp in San Diego in 1978, he set an obstacle-course record that still stands. "The old record was about 60 seconds," he says. "I think my time was 45."

Oddly, it took the Marines to put Gibson back on track as a wrestler. He had lost interest in the sport after finishing second in the 1976 NCAAs. He then quit school and spent two years around his hometown of Redding, Calif. working on and off as a security guard, a houncer and a fireman. The Marines offered Gibson steady employment—his hitch runs until 1985—and after the Corps' wrestling coaches heard about Gibson's obstacle-course performance and his NCAA finish, the Marines quizzed him with the rest of their wrestling team in Quantico, Va. It's worked out so well that Gibson's job is to wrestle. "It's good public relations because we're always in the newspapers," he says. "Besides, we do a lot of recruiting at clinics."

Gibson brought the Corps some especially good p.r. in 1981 when he was named both the U.S. Wrestler of the

continued

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Year and the country's top interservice athlete. While few wrestlers have ever competed in all three versions of their sport (freestyle, Greco-Roman and Sombro), Gibson last year won medals in national and international competition in every style. "No one's ever done anything close to that," says Kemp. The Marines have traditionally been strong in Greco-Roman, which involves only upper-body holds, and they're now at the forefront in Sombro, a Soviet-invented mixture of wrestling and judo. Sombro is an acronym for the Russian phrase meaning "self-defense without weapons" and may be Gibson's favorite style. "You wear a jacket made of a very sturdy fabric and you use that in your moves," he says. "For example, if you want to arm-throw a guy, you grab on to his sleeve, and to hip-toss him, you grab his belt. It's really kind of fun."

Gibson seemed to be thoroughly enjoying his freestyle matches in Lincoln, too, where he was trying to win his second straight AAU title. None of his first four opponents could stop his gut wrench, and none lasted a full six minutes against him. Only in Saturday night's finals, when he met Michael Evans of Athletics in Action, was Gibson truly tested. "Evans is a real block of granite," he said.

Kemp was moving toward the finals with similar ease. He has been so dominant in his weight class for so long—since 1978 he's won four World Cup titles and two World Championships while losing only two matches—that his principal difficulty was preparing himself mentally for the meet. The AAU's lack the glamour of the major international tournaments or even of the NCAAAs, and in Lincoln the meet was short a few other things, including spectators: for six sessions in the 15,000-seat Devaney Center the total attendance was only a few hundred. Kemp, who's working on his MBA at Wisconsin while serving as an assistant coach there, chose to label the situation "a marketing problem" and pondered possible solutions. He decided the most effective step he could take as a businessman was to remain in the tournament as a wrestler. And to wrestle with more flair.

Kemp has always been a defensive wrestler, winning his matches by scores like 2-1 and 3-2. "He plays off his opponent's attack," says Hellickson. "The more you attack, the more points he'll

score on you. But if you don't attack, he can be stymied." In Lincoln Kemp became the aggressor and began rolling up points; he won five of his first six matches on technical superiority. "For once in my life I'd like to win an Outstanding Wrestler trophy," he said. "It's so hard when your scores are low." In the finals he would face former Arizona State star Royce Oliver, another strong offensive wrestler; at least one of them would probably rack up some points.

Kemp and Gibson, who have equally quiet temperaments and nearly ascetic lifestyles, awaited their Saturday-night bouts with modest spurges.

Gibson, who doesn't own a television set, watched some afternoon sports on the set in his motel room and napped. Accustomed to rising at 6 a.m. and working out for at least five hours a day, he had found the pace of the tournament relatively relaxing. Meanwhile, Kemp, a semivegetarian, prepared a small feast for himself in his room with food he had brought along from Madison: granola, honey, sprouted-wheat bread, apricot bread, and herbal tea. "I've been gradually moving towards this kind of a natural diet for several years now," he said. As Hellickson and others will quickly point out, several years ago is also when Kemp consumed perhaps the ultimate in "plastic" food. While getting a glass of water one night, he inadvertently drank his roommate's contact lenses. When you hear a Lee Kemp joke, it's always the one about his handsight.

For the first period of their Saturday match, Kemp and Oliver wrestled with such caution that a few fans started to boo, and the three minutes ended with the score 0-0. The match remained scoreless until, with one minute remaining in the second period, Kemp locked his arms around Oliver's right leg, hoisted him into the air by the crotch and took him to the mat for a one-point takedown. That was all Kemp needed to win, though he had wrestled his way out of the Outstanding Wrestler award; instead, it went to 136.5-pound Lee Roy Smith of the Cowboy Wrestling Club for his 9-6 victory over Randy Lewis of the Hawkeye Wrestling Club.

In contrast, Gibson came out firing in his bout against Evans, whom he had beaten 2-1 for the 1981 AAU title. He shot double- and single-leg tackles one after another, but couldn't follow through on them. When he tried a bear hug, Evans responded in kind and set Gibson on his back for a 2-0 lead. For once, Gibson couldn't outmuscle his opponent. A pair of clean, football-like tackles, however, put Gibson ahead 3-2 at the end of the first period. "My only philosophy was to keep moving, because I know he doesn't care much for that," said Gibson later.



MBA candidate Kemp, in red, proved businesslike.

Gibson had a scare early in the final period when his gut wrench slipped and Evans again put him on his back to go ahead 4-3. But in the last 45 seconds Gibson twice exposed Evans' back to the mat for a total of four points. The match ended with Gibson in front 7-4.

Gibson said he'd make sure to keep his wrenches tight in the future, but otherwise he was pleased with himself. "It's important to win here because, well, just to show the other guys what you've got," he said. That was never much in doubt.

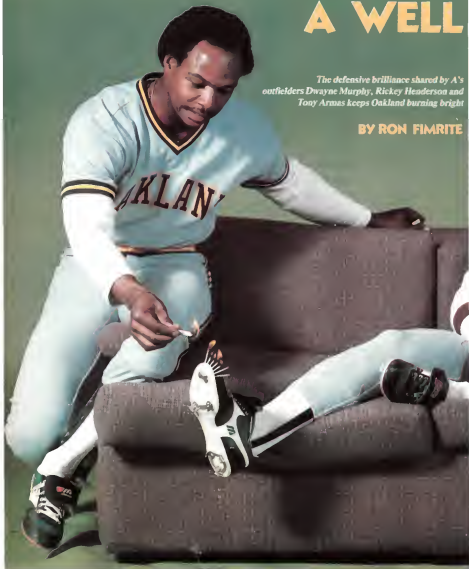
Said Kemp, "I never thought I'd be wrestling at one of these at age 25, no way. I was thinking '80 Olympics and get out. That was my plan. But it's been fun. If I go into business I don't know if I'll ever be a champion." He might not be in as good a position to solve a certain marketing problem, either.

END

A WELL

The defensive brilliance shared by A's outfielders Dwayne Murphy, Rickey Henderson and Tony Armas keeps Oakland burning bright

BY RON FIMRITE



MATCHED SET



CURTIS



Stepping lively at the plate, Henderson has a .296 average for his two-plus seasons in the majors.

The belletrists of sport seem to draw their most fevered inspiration from backfields and infields. Consider "Outlined against a blue-gray October sky, the Four Horsemen rode again," or "These are the saddest of possible words: 'Tinker to Evers to Chance.'" Backfields and infields are seen as entities, units, men acting in concert, as in a *corps de ballet*. Outfields are units, too, but they are rarely viewed as such. Outfielders stand so far apart from one another they appear to be solitary figures outlined against skies of whatever color. Most of them don't even seem to be very alert, standing there with arms akimbo, their gaze fixed on the grass beneath their stationary feet. The infield is a constant swirl of activity; the outfield is pastoral.

Outfielders tend to be singled out as individuals, not as members of a group. The praise heaped on them may be lavish, as it has been for such superlative representatives of the genus as DiMaggio and Mays, Clemente and Aaron. Their catches and throws are collectors' items, but nowhere is it

THE OUTFIELD (continued)

suggested that they acted in any way except on their own. Only when outfielders collide is the public made keenly aware that there are several of them playing at once. Oh, the broadcasters will advise us that "the outfield is shading the batter to the left," or that "there is a gap in right centerfield," but such violations of symmetry seem far too subtle for the average fan to much care about or fully comprehend. If the infield is playing "in," it strikes you right off as an aberration. If it's rearranging itself in a Williams Shift, it's doing appreciably more than shading someone. An infield is working together, all for one, one for all—Athos to Porthos to Aramis, with D'Artagnan on third. The outfielders seem to be no more than distant cousins.

This is partly true because baseball people look to outfielders more for offense than defense. Only the centerfielder, that weary traveler to distant parts, is considered a prime defender. Left and right, the corners, might just as well be occupied by statuary. Your basic outfield would consist of a speedy, probably line-drive-hitting centerfielder, a slow but strong-armed rightfielder and the Colossus of Rhodes in left. It has been virtually impossible to assemble the outfield equivalent of the old Philadelphia Athletics' now-quaintly-priced \$100,000 Infield of Snuffy McNinnis at first, Eddie Collins at second, Frank (Home Run) Baker at third and Jack Barry at short. The melancholy evidence of this is that until now the last outfield celebrated primarily for its defensive prowess was one contemporaneous with the \$100,000 In-

field, the renowned 1910-15 Red Sox threesome of Duffy Lewis in left, Tris Speaker in center and Harry Hooper in right, an aggregation that survives only in the wistful reminiscences of old men who were themselves too young to remember it.

The "until now" in the preceding sentence is pivotal, because in just two seasons the Oakland A's have put together an outfield that is touted by some baseball savants as being equal or superior to any in history. And though each of the three A's, Rickey Henderson in left, Dwayne Murphy in center and Tony Armas in right, is capable of extraordinary individual exploits, it is as a unit—rendezvousing at the gaps, stationing themselves so that not even Willie Keeler could find a place where they aren't—that they excel. "We use 'outfield' as a collective noun," says Oakland President Roy Eisenhardt, a strict grammarian.

It's appropriate, somehow, that Angels Manager Gene Mauch, a baseball man, should look to football for a compar-

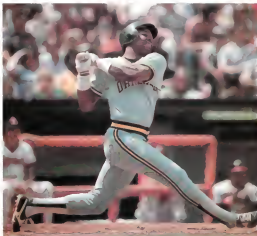
ison with the A's trio, because in baseball the Oakland outfield is incomparable. "They [the A's] play shallow and position themselves so well," says Mauch, "that they look like one of Don Shula's defensive units rotating for pass coverage." "The A's have the best outfield I've ever seen. Ever," says Rangers skipper Don Zimmer. "I'm talking about the complete group of three. I've seen Snider and Furillo. I've seen Clemente and Virdon. But there was always a third outfielder in those groups who couldn't do some of the things the other two could."

With the A's, there's virtually nothing one outfielder can do on defense that the others cannot do also. All three are fast—Henderson, blindingly so; all have powerful throwing arms, with Armas' being perhaps the strongest in baseball; all three can go back well on a ball hit over their heads. Murphy better than anyone playing, and all three charge balls hit in front of them with equal alacrity. Significantly, each came to the A's as a centerfielder, a player trained for and conditioned to all aspects of outfield play. It's not only rare to have three such greyhounds on the same course, it is, as the A's Joe Rudi, himself once the game's premier leftfielder, says, "just plain strange."

The wisdom of placing three centerfielders in the same outfield is, of course, debatable. Centerfield is the ego position, and all three A's are fiercely proud. Centerfielders are accustomed to calling their inferiors to the right and left off fly balls. Indeed, at first there was vigorous competition among the three, not only for the position itself but, once they were permanently deployed, for almost every ball hit in the air as well. This is where character came into play. "These three are thoroughbreds," says Charlie Metro, an Oakland coach who also breeds horses. "They have pride and self-discipline, and they spur each other on."

It also helps that they are good friends and, in the case of Armas and Murphy, co-conspirators on what must be baseball's most pyromaniacally prankish team. The hotfoot, last year's rage, continues to be such a popular diversion in the A's clubhouse that a visitor is ill-advised to ignore his shoes for even a moment. Catcher Mike Heath went so far as to affix lighted paper to the end of a broomstick and extend it through a crack in the wall behind the A's dugout in the Seattle Kingdome so that he might incinerate Murphy's footwear while Murphy chatted with a reporter. A couple of weeks ago, following two consecutive ninth-inning losses and an agonizing 16-inning victory over Minnesota, Manager Billy Martin lit a string of firecrackers outside his office door to "wake these guys up," thereby setting the green clubhouse carpet ablaze. The newest gambit in these fiery frolics involves charging cigarettes with tiny explosives. Murphy, Armas and Murphy's roommate, Pitcher Steve McCatty, are the prime suspects whenever one of these incendiary episodes occurs. Woe betide the A who lights up without first inspecting his cigarette. Not long ago Third Baseman Mickey Klutts was careless in this regard, and as he took a dugout puff in the middle innings of a game with Seattle, the unsuspected cigarette exploded in his face. After the game, Murphy and Armas were rejoicing over this latest coup in the bar at Seattle's Park Hilton Hotel, when Armas'

continued



With nine RBIs last week, Murphy was swinging out of an early-season slump. Armas is the big gun, having shared the AL home run lead with 22 in '81.



THE OUTFIELD continued

own cigarette detonated. Betrayed, Armas looked helplessly at his companion, who stared innocently ahead.

Such japey is ordinarily confined to off-hours. At the ball park, the A's outfielders, even the youthful, skittish Henderson, are zealous in the pursuit of excellence. Unlike many outfielders, they take ground balls during batting practice. Murphy sits in on pitchers' meetings so that he may keep abreast of how the A's intend to pitch to opposing batters. As captain of the outfield, he then uses this information to align his confederates during the game. When Lee Walls was Oakland's outfield coach, the A's threesome had him hit line drives from home plate to them as they stood just beyond the infield grass, to practice going back on balls. The A's don't contemplate the meaning of existence or the telephone numbers of groupies while pulling senary duty in the outfield; they carry on a running conversation among themselves on hitters, pitching and positioning. The garrulous Henderson, for that matter, is also likely to chat it up with fans in the stands until the impatient Murphy regains his attention. Warming up between innings of a game at home, the A's outfielders don't lob lazy floaters back and forth. Henderson pitches hard to a bullpen catcher from a distance of perhaps 90 feet, and Murphy and Armas do the same with each other. "They're stretching their arms," says Metro. "They're throwing seriously, like a pitcher in the bullpen. They're getting in many more throws between innings than the average outfielder. They're keeping warm for that one big throw."

The big throws usually come more often than that. Zimmer unhappily recalls a game when he was managing Boston during which Armas threw out runners attempting to go from first to third in consecutive innings. Then, two innings later, Murphy cut down a runner at home who was coming in from second on a single. "If you have a man on second," says Zimmer, "you almost need a double to score him." Preston Gomez, the Angels' third-base coach, complains, "I'm hard pressed to send a man in from second base after a hit. They play so shallow, and yet they can all go back to the



At 6' 7", 180 pounds, Murphy cuts a dashing figure around the bases.

wall." Henderson's exceptional quickness in getting to the foul line in left and the strength and accuracy of his throwing arm are such that on three occasions in a five-game stretch last month, a runner who had hit a line drive down the left-field line, normally a stand-up double, was held at first base. Runners tested the arms of these A's outfielders in 1980, the first year they were together. The results for base runners were catastrophic. Armas had 17 assists, Henderson 15 and Murphy 13. Caution on the paths is now the byword.

Henderson led the American League in total chances last year (341) and Murphy was second (337). Both won Gold Gloves. In 1980 Murphy committed only five errors on a league-leading 525 chances. Were it not for Boston's Dwight Evans, Armas would probably give the A's a third annual outfield Gold Glove. Evans, who has played 10 years to Armas' six, has a bigger national reputation. Undisputedly so, says Martin. "No question, they're the two premier right-fielders in the game," he says, "but Tony has more range than Evans, and no one gives more in a game than Tony does. All three of my guys should win Gold Gloves."

Reporters who cover the A's day by day collect the outfield's great catches as if they were Modiglianis. "I have so many favorites," says Glenn Schwarz of the *San Francisco Examiner*, "it's hard to separate them. Let's see, for each of them. Well, Henderson reached over the wall in left center at Oakland last year to take a grand slam away from Steve Kemp. Amazing catch. And Armas last year against the Angels in Oakland slipped and fell on the seat of his pants on a muddy warning track. He caught Fred Lynn's line drive to the fence as he was getting up. He was just rising when he reached out and caught the ball. He'd never lost sight of it. And Murphy. That would have to be in Anaheim last year when he robbed Bobby Grich and Tom Brunansky of home runs in successive games." The catch off young Brunansky

continued

At his present pace, Henderson will steal a record 169 bases this season.



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THE OUTFIELD continued

was a now-you-see-it-now-you-don't spectacular. Murphy, one of the game's best leapers, jumped high and extended his glove over the centerfield fence so that it was out of view of most of the spectators. When he came down he leaned back against the fence and looked down at his feet in apparent dejection as Brunansky circled the bases. The broadcasters on radio and television had all announced that the ball had cleared the fence, and Brunansky, in his home-run trot, was approaching third when it was brought to his attention that Murphy was jogging toward the infield with the ball held aloft. "The guy's a magician," said someone in the press box. "He must've had a ball up his sleeve." But the magic continues. In the fifth inning of a game against Seattle last month, Murphy, running with his back to the infield, made a Maystun one-handed, over-the-shoulder catch of a long drive to right center by the Mariners' Manny Castillo. There were many in the Kingdom that night who considered that the greatest catch they'd ever seen. The fact is, they ain't seen nothin' yet.

SERGEANT MURPHY

At 6' 1", 180 pounds he's built like the defensive back he once was—tall, lean and hard. He runs with a loping, gliding stride more akin to DiMaggio's than Mays's. But he loses his cap as often as Mays did, revealing a slightly receding hairline. He gives and takes clubhouse grins with a poker face. Sample: "Why're you always hating on people, [Cliff] Johnson?" "Because I want to lay my African ham-bone upside your coconut, Murphy." Last year Murphy led the American League with 15 game-winning RBIs, even while batting second. Overall he hit .251, with 15 homers and 60 RBIs. He started this season in a woeful slump that had him hitting only .117 after the first 15 games. But it af-

Base runners are advised to be cautious. Armas is armed and dangerous.



fected neither his fielding nor his sense of humor. At the end of last week he was up to .146.

I was an Air Force kid. My father was a staff sergeant. My earliest memories—I must've been about two—were of Japan. When I was four, we moved to the Edwards Air Force Base and then to Lancaster, Calif., both in the Mojave Desert. We kids spent our days trying to catch rabbits. What else is there to do in the desert? We'd run after them, we'd go after them on bikes, anything. I was the fourth of six children. I've got a younger brother, Rod, who's in the A's system with Madesao. My two sisters are older than I am. I was mainly a football player in high school, a defensive back and a flanker. I got a lot of scholarship offers in football, but none in baseball, even though I hit .443 my senior year. My goal was to play pro football, anyway, but I married Brenda, my girl since the seventh grade, before I got out of high school. I also got drafted in baseball, so that looked like the best thing for me.

I was a shortstop at first. I had no problem fielding the ball, but my throws were just launched, so they moved me to rightfield, where I couldn't hurt anybody. The next year I was in center, where I've been ever since. When I came up to the A's, Tony was in center, and I thought, oh, no, I'm going back to the corners. But I knew center was my best position. One thing about it is you've got to cover a lot of ground, and I could always go back on a ball. My experience as a defensive back helped me there. I believe in playing shallow. Anybody can play deep and come in on a ball. But that's not playing the outfield. Balls are going to drop in front of you. Shallow, you can catch the singles, and if you can go back as I can, you can get the rest. Besides, I believe in the Eleventh Commandment: Thou shalt not go from first to third.

I do a lot of things differently. I catch fly balls on the wrong side, the left side. The standard system is to catch the ball on the right side. That way, you are in a position to throw if you're righthanded, which I am. The trouble with that for me is that I don't see the ball go into the glove. I once dropped a ball that way because I just lost it as it got to the glove. So I catch the ball on the wrong side, where I can see it. And I'm quick enough to get the throw off. In charging ground balls, I also throw off the wrong foot. It took a lot of practice, but I found I could cut my throwing steps down from three or four to just one and a half by throwing off my left foot in a hurry. My arm isn't as strong as a lot of centerfielders', but I get rid of the ball twice as fast. And I charge the ball hard all the time. It's the difference between having to throw 100 feet and 250 if you get there fast enough. I think I get rid of the ball just as quick as any infielder.

I've also learned to go to balls in the gap on a straight line. Most centerfielders kind of circle balls hit into the gap, looping a little. I know how to get a good jump, so I just head straight for the spot where I can cut off the ball, and a double becomes a single. Mike Edwards explained this to me on a road trip a few years ago. He played second base for the A's then, but I could see the theory would work in the outfield just as well or even better. Edwards said he first heard about it from an old guy in Los Angeles who used to play in the Negro leagues. He and Mike would talk baseball for hours, he said, and the old guy had a lot of theories. Well, an

continued

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Murphy ranges back to the fence, into the alleys, behind the infield

THE OUTFIELD continued

athlete listens to a lot of things, and most of it goes in one ear and out the other. But when Mike told me this, something clicked.

Taking hits away from people is the part of the game I love the most. I know what my reaction is when it happens to me. It's demoralizing. Once, during batting practice, a player on another team—I won't mention his name—came up to me mad as hell. He told me I had no business playing so close to the infield, that the line drive he'd hit and that I'd caught was supposed to be an automatic single. I should back up more, he said, show some class. He was cussing and fuming, and I was loving every minute of it.

In our outfield, we don't believe anything is automatic. Take balls hit down the leftfield line. With most teams, that's an automatic double. Not with Rickey out there. He's got the ball so fast, you'd better not be headed for second in an automatic way. When I was in the minors I was used to going practically from foul line to foul line for balls. The other outfielders just let me do it. I never knew Rickey or Tony then. Now, it's a race to the ball. They want to catch it and I want to catch it. That's why you've got to have communication. I think I've helped Tony. He never made it through a season without an injury because he ran into so many walls. Now I can tell him how many steps he's got. I'll be there. And Tony will come to centerfield more than Rickey. Tony is so easy to play with. Rickey and I always had problems. It was hard for me to move him around at first. Rickey hates to give up the line, but I hate to give up the alley. If I'm playing shallow, he has to play deeper to protect the gap. There are a lot more balls hit in the gap than down the line, and if they get by you, they can go for triples. We can't both be playing shallow. It just doesn't work. We've got it straightened out now. We did it all in one year. Rickey can protect the gap

and, with his speed, he can still get over to the line.

If there's a mistake out there, it's mine. I can see the pitcher and move the other two around depending on the pitch. I watch all the time and talk to the other outfielders constantly. Our pitchers don't always throw the same. And in the late innings, when they're getting tired, they change even more. And if Rickey isn't paying attention, Tony and I are on him. We don't try to show each other up on fly balls, even though we kid about it all the time. They accuse me of wanting to catch everything. Tony always lets me know when he thinks I'm in his territory.

I never really learned how to hit until Rene Lachemann [now the Seattle manager] got me in A and Double-A ball. My idol was Willie McCovey, and I had his big looping swing. Rene got me to cut it down. I also had to get used to batting second behind Rickey. I know Billy wants a left-hander batting after Rickey for all kinds of reasons—blocking the catcher's view of first, pulling the ball to the right side. But I had trouble at first. I was taking too many pitches so he could steal. It seems I wasn't always on and two. Last year I handled it well. I'm used to it. Of course, I got off to a bad start this year. I must've tried about 16 different stances. I was feeling lost up there, and I know I was blowing chances to move the runner along, to bat in runs. But it's coming.

I've got a good life. My wife and I live in San Ramon [beyond the Oakland-Berkeley hills] and I've got my bass guitar and my '55 Thunderbird car to play with. It all seems unreal. Think about it: It wasn't that long ago, in the Charlie Finley days, when nobody wanted to play for the A's. Now everybody does. Including me.

TONY—THE PRODIGAL SON

He was hurt so often, no one knew how good he was, how much power there was in his compact 6' 1", 192-pound body. Armas hit 35 homers and drove in 109 runs in his first full season, 1980. He tied for the home-run lead in the American League last year with 22 while driving in 76 runs and hitting .261. And to prove he'd broken his wall-bouncing habit, he was the only A's player last year who didn't miss a game. He has a brooding, mustachioed face, but he laughs easily and is one of the more popular players on a particularly jolly team. He and Murphy are fast friends.

I am from Piritu in the state of Anzoategui in Venezuela. There were 14 in my family. I started playing baseball when I was in the first grade. Also volleyball, which I was good at, too. I never played Little League or anything like that. We played baseball just for fun, except that my dad never liked to see me waste my time that way. He thought there were better things for me to do. But I was sneaky. I would wait until he went to work—he was with an electrical company—and then I would go to the playground. It was a funny thing. We always seemed to have tie games then. I knew my father would get off work at five and walk through the park, so when it got close to that time, I would pick up my glove and start to run away. The other kids would say, "Hey, you can't go now. We need you." And I'd stay, and pretty soon I'd see my father and I'd know I was going to get hit pretty hard by him. But I always stayed, anyway.

I played that way for six, seven years. Then I got into junior baseball when I was about 16. That changed things a little. At 17 I represented my country in a tournament against

continued

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Along with everything else, the terrific trio also catches buses to the park

THE OUTFIELD continued

Cuba, Panama, Puerto Rico, Ecuador and Colombia. Cubs beat us in the playoffs. We should have won the whole thing. Then some guy came to my house from the Pittsburgh organization and asked me if I wanted to play professional baseball in the States. I told him I didn't know if I could because my father didn't want me to be a ballplayer. He wanted me to get a good job somewhere, instead. I talked to my dad. He was disappointed. He said he didn't want me to get hurt playing sports. I told him not to worry about that. But I didn't want to sign either. It was my English. I couldn't say anything in English. I couldn't order a glass of water in English. Then my daddy said, "O.K., sign." So I signed.

That was 1971. I was 17. I took a plane from Caracas to Miami, knowing I'd have to change planes to get to Sarasota. I was scared. I didn't know how to change planes in English. At the Miami airport I heard some guys talking Spanish. I ran over to them. "Where do you get the plane for Sarasota?" I asked them. "We're going to Sarasota," they said. They were ballplayers, too, so I followed them. It was easy once I got there, because in spring training we all ate and slept at the same hotel. I didn't have to go to any restaurants.

I always thought they would send me home, but they never did. And by 1977, when Pittsburgh traded me to Oakland, I was more comfortable. I spoke a little English, and I was happy because I knew I would get a chance to play regularly. Then I just started getting hurt—my first year, my second year, my third year. I thought of my father and my saying I wouldn't get hurt. I got hurt because I was just trying to play too hard. I kept running into the fences. I was trying to prove myself so bad.

When I started with the Pirates I played leftfield, then rightfield. Finally, when they traded me, I was a centerfielder. I thought that was my position. But one time when I got hurt, they called Murph up to play centerfield and, oh, did he do a good job! When I came back, they said, "Why don't

you play rightfield?" I said, "No problem." They knew I had this strong arm, so they thought that was a good position for me. It was funny because I knew that Rickey was a centerfielder and they moved him to left. I think when you get three centerfielders in the same outfield, you got guys who want to go and get 'em. We're all used to covering a lot of ground, and we want every ball. In many ways, that's the best thing that can happen. At first it was a problem, though. But we talked to each other. Now we got it down. Against a lefthanded batter, Murph plays shallow and I've got the gap. That means I've got to play deeper and Rickey plays shallow. It's the same against a righty, except reversed.

We've got lots of communication now. I don't run into fences anymore because Murph is there to tell me where I am. I tell you, we're good. Rickey's a great outfielder, and Murph's a great outfielder. Me? Oh, I don't know about me. I let the people say what kind of ballplayer I am. You never know in this baseball. When people ask me if I'm going to hit 30, 40 home runs, I just say, "I'll let you know when the season is over." All I do is wait for the pitch and use my hands, my body. It's bad luck to predict.

My father's 59 now. He's retired. I think he's pretty happy about me. His friends keep asking him, "Well, how do you feel about your son, now?" He realizes he made a mistake, so I just wish they would leave him alone. My father and my mom follow my career. There's a guy in New York who broadcasts the Yankee games back to Venezuela on radio, so they know what's going on. But they've never seen me play in the U.S. because they don't like flying. They did see me play one game in winter ball, though.

I have a wife and three kids in Venezuela. We live in the same small town I grew up in. I just go home and be the same guy I used to be. I talk to everybody, just like always. I have the same old friends. I don't want to be a big man doing a song and dance. You know what I mean?

RICKEY—LOCAL BOY MAKES GOOD

He is, according to Mauch, "the most disruptive base runner in baseball," and he may also be the game's most exciting player because he's on base more than 40% of the time. He led the American League in hits (135), runs (89) and stolen bases (56) last year, hitting .319 as the lead-off man. In 1980, at age 21, he became the first American League to steal 100 bases (an even 100), breaking Ty Cobb's 65-year-old record of 96. He walked 117 times that year. Through last Sunday he had 25 steals and 33 walks, phenomenal figures. Although he was hitting only .230, his on-base percentage was .442. At 5' 10", 180 pounds, he's built for speed, with muscular, overdeveloped buttocks and thighs. He's boyish and bubbly, and he talks constantly. He seems, at times, a child among men.

I was born in Chicago, but I left there when I was two. That was when my father left my mom. My mom and I moved to Pine Bluff, Ark. and stayed there until I was seven. Then we moved to Oakland for good. I have four brothers and two sisters, and my grandmother lived with us, too. My mother worked as a nurse to support us, some of the time in the old-folks ward. We had a big three-, four-bedroom house in North Oakland, right on the Berkeley line. I know Billy [Martin] went to Berkeley High, and I guess I could've gone there, but they didn't seem to like kids from Oakland, so I

continued

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THE OUTFIELD continued

went to Oakland Tech. I did play at the same playground—Bushrod Park—that Billy played at when he was a kid. I first started playing baseball when I was about eight. I knew I wanted to be an athlete, but my mother would get on me for playing too much. I'd play anyway and take my whipping.

At Oakland Tech I wanted to be a football player, and I made all-city, gained over a thousand (1,100) yards. But my momma chose baseball for me. She thought I was too small for football and that as a running back I wouldn't last very long. I signed with the A's right out of high school. It was like a dream. When I grew up, Reggie Jackson was the hero here, and I wanted to be like him. Playing at home—it was a dream come true.

The funny thing is, I always wanted to be an infielder. In Little League I was a left-handed shortstop for a while. Then they moved me to first base, and I played there until they decided I was too short. So I went to the outfield. That was

stood up and shouted at me, "Stand up and hit like a man." I guess I do that to people.

I really learned how to steal bases at Modesto in 1977. They taught me how to transfer my weight there and what to watch for in the pitcher. I used to lean a lot and get caught off base. I stole 95 bases that year. I learned the headfirst slide in '79, when I was playing for Ogden in Triple A. Guy named Mike Rodriguez taught me how to do it. He wasn't really a base-runner type. He was more of a home-run hitter. But he knew about sliding. When I tried sliding headfirst before, I'd almost stop and dive at the base. I kept banging up my shoulder that way. He taught me to do it all in one motion. I think the headfirst is quicker than feet first. You're using your momentum, and I think there's less wear and tear on the body, particularly the legs. I think if I stay healthy and get on base enough, I can steal 130, 140 bases a year. And I don't even run on my own. We have signs.

I've actually worked on my defense more than my offense. When I first moved to the outfield they said I'd never make it because I didn't have a good arm. And I did have an

IN THEORY, THE A'S OWE '81 TO THE OUTFIELD

How well does the A's outfield field? With Ruckey Henderson, Dwayne Murphy and Tony Armas in the lineup last year, Oakland had the best record in the American League, 64-45, and its pitching staff had the second-best earned run average, 3.30. But according to a statistical analysis prepared for the A's, a starting outfield with average defensive skills would have given Oakland a 49-60 record, 11th in the league, and the pitchers a 4.71 ERA last.

These conclusions are based on data collected during 1981's "second season," when an observer recorded all fly balls hit by the A's

and their opponents that traveled at least 160 feet in the air without clearing the fence. While the A's were hitting, 52.7% of these balls fell for hits; only 44.8% of such balls hit by Oakland's opposition dropped safely.

Dick Cramer, a research scientist for a pharmaceutical company and co-founder of STATS (Sports Team Analysis and Tracking Systems), reasons that if the A's had an average defense, opponents would have had the same 52.7% of their fly balls fall for hits. Cramer assumes that the 49 games form a representative sample and that defensive positioning and skill are the main factors in catch-

ing the ball. By using the A's percentage of hits and extra-base hits as the norm, he figures that Oakland's opponents would have had 65 additional hits against an average outfield. Cramer says the 65 hits the A's outfield "stole" from the opposition represented 70 runs in just 49 games. Over the course of the 109-game season, according to Cramer's computations, the A's would have surrendered 559 runs with an average outfield, rather than the 403 runs allowed by its stingy trio. Thus the increase in ERA. Cramer also says that each additional 10 runs represents roughly one win. Therefore, the A's would have lost 15 more games with an average outfield.

—BRUCE ANDERSON

fine. Centerfield. That was O.K. I dreamed of playing centerfield in the majors. I developed my stance in Modesto [of the Class A California League]. At first, with Reggie as my idol, I stood straight up and swung for the fences. I wanted to stand there at home plate and watch those balls go out. But pretty soon, I realized I wasn't going to be a power hitter. I thought, hey, I've got all this speed. I don't need to be a home-run hitter. I mean, I've always been fast. I never really ran track in high school because the school district wouldn't let you practice both sports—baseball and track. But I did run in a couple of meets and without much practice did a 9.6 hundred.

Anyway, I found that if I squatted down real low at the plate, the way I do now, I could see the ball better. I also knew it threw the pitcher off. I found that I could put my weight on my back foot and still turn my hips on the swing. I'm down so low I don't have much of a strike zone. Sometimes, walking so much even gets me mad. Last year Ed Ott of the Angels got so frustrated because the umpire was calling balls that would've been strikes on anybody else that he

awkward throwing motion, but that was because I'd played so much first base. You don't see first basemen throwing over the top much. Lee Walls knew a special assignments instructor with the A's got me throwing overhand from the mound, using my body more. Hey, pretty soon it was easy. I could throw hard. My big advantage on defense is that I can get to the line quick. And because I'm left-handed, my glove hand is on the line. I have real quick feet, so I can open up my body and get that throw back to the infield in a hurry.

I believe we're the best combination. We get a big thrill from stopping the runner from getting in scoring position. And we catch anything in the air so guys start saying, "Hey, I'm not going to hit the ball out there." The big problem at first was calling each other off. A centerfielder wants to catch everything. Like I say, I dreamed of playing centerfield in the majors, but Murphy was here. I said, O.K. It bothered me for a while. I'd never played left, and I wasn't used to being called off balls. But we talked it out, and now I've got my territory marked off.

During the season, Murphy and Tony and I see each other

continued

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¹⁴See, e.g., *Wright v. United States*, 13 F.3d 1013, 1018 (9th Cir. 1994) (quoting *United States v. Williams*, 980 F.2d 1119, 1124 (9th Cir. 1992)).

THE OUTFIELD

continued

a lot. In the off-season, only once in a while. I live in Oakland, I'm interested in a long-term contract, not free agency. Hey, this is my hometown. Right now, I'm living with Mike Norris in a house on Skyline Boulevard with a great view. But he's a pitcher and I'm an everyday player, so he can go out a lot more than I can, and we don't see all that much of each other. I'm in the process of buying my own home. Jeep, I just left my mom's house last year. My brother said I'd never leave. And I did get a little homesick at first. My momma, she just laughs and says I haven't really left yet, anyway.

They are all young—Henderson is 23, Murphy 27 and Armas 28—so, unlike many fine outfield combinations of the past, they have an opportunity to play together for a decade or more, barring injury, trade or free agency. Lewis, Speaker and Hooper lasted six seasons together, and another fine outfield of the dead-ball era, Davy Jones, Sam Crawford and Ty Cobb of the Tigers, lasted for seven, although Jones was in and out of the lineup. The most famous outfield of all, offensively and defensively, would be the Yankee bunch of the mid-to-late '20s that had Bob Meusel in left, Earle Combs in center and Ruth in rightfield. Another renowned Yankee outfield, Charlie Keller, DiMaggio and Tommy Henrich, really played together for only three years, one before, one during and one after World War II. The Cardinals' outfield of Stan Musial, Terry Moore and Enos Slaughter had three years together, during and after the war, but there was only one in which Moore, the only truly outstanding fielder of the three, played a full season. The Dodger combination of Andy Pafko, Sneider and Furillo lasted less than two years. The Oriole outfield of Don Buford, Paul Blair and Frank Robinson played for three years in the late '60s and early '70s. And the Red Sox had two-thirds of an outstanding outfield for six years, from 1975 to 1980, with Lynn and Evans, but leftfield was shared by Carl Yastrzemski and Jim Rice, among others.

One faction rooting earnestly for the Oakland outfield to remain intact is the A's pitching staff. Says Norris of his outer defenders, "My game isn't to let the ball get in the air, but with them, when I make a mistake it isn't one." Adds right-hander Matt Keough, "I love them and they love me because I give them so many chances. We've marked the four spots on the grass where balls have landed, just as they used to mark the seats where Harmon Killebrew's home runs landed in Minnesota. Our guys put fear into other teams. They take

away aggressiveness on the bases. The effect is as much psychological as anything. Nothing hurts more than having a hit taken away from you, and nothing gives a pitcher more confidence." Says another Oakland starter, Rick Langford, "It makes my approach to the game easier. All I have to do is keep the ball in the park." Concludes McCarty, "Art Fowler [Oakland's pitching coach] told us we should all win 50 games apiece. All we have to do is let 'em hit it in the air."

The A's infielders, whoever they may be, also have a stake in keeping the outfielders together. "It has made my job so much simpler," says Second Baseman Davey Lopes, fresh from the infield-dominated Dodgers. "I go out 10 to 15 steps, and they're calling me off. I'm not used to that. They're calling me off balls that are almost always either the shortstop's or the second baseman's. I've seen some pretty good outfield, but never one that is better as a unit." In a game against Seattle late last month, Dave McKay, playing second base, forgot that Armas was slightly injured and not in the lineup when a short fly ball was lofted to rightfield. He glanced back casually and saw to his surprise that Jeff Bur-

roughs, Armas' replacement, was lumbering in for it tardily. McKay quickly shifted gears and barely made a fingertip catch of a ball Armas most likely would have been camped under. Such is the effect these magnificent athletes exert on their team.

And there's no letup. In the third inning of a game in Oakland a few weeks ago, Minnesota's rookie flush, Kent Hrbek, a left-handed hitter, sliced a run-scoring double between Henderson and Murphy. And immediately thereafter Murphy and Henderson were seen in intense consultation. Murphy, mired in his slump, had

two hits in that game, and the A's finally won it in 16 innings, 4-3, but he was distressed. "Murphy would rather go oh for four and strike out twice than see a ball hit the ground out there," Keough has said. And, in truth, that double was still bothering Murphy the next day.

"We had a problem," Murphy said. "I was in the right-field alley, so Ricky was supposed to cover the gap. But I couldn't get his attention. He played Hrbek straightaway instead. Well, sometimes I guess wrong, but not this time. Hrbek hit the ball up the gap in left. Ricky and I talked about it afterward. I guess I talk so much out there they get tired of listening. But I don't want that to happen again."

And his handsome face clouded over. A ball had not only hit the ground, but it had also penetrated the impenetrable gap and gone for two bases. Murphy, the sergeant's son, the rabbit chaser, kept shaking his head in disbelief. Now, just how could such a thing happen? Watching him, you got the crazy feeling it wouldn't happen again.



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Reminiscence

by BOB CAIRNS

MIKE (THE BEAR) GARCIA WAS QUITE A CARD, AS THIS NO-HIT KID FOUND OUT

While visiting my parents' house in New Windsor, Md., I discovered treasure buried up in the attic. There, in a musty King Edward cigar box, was a grass-stained baseball, a washed-out Mike Garcia bubble-gum card and a box score from *The Frederick Post* dated June 21, 1955—all mementos of a day when a rather reluctant Little League catcher took the mound for the first time and pitched the game of his life.

Back in 1954, while the Cleveland Indians were laying waste to the rest of the American League, the Cubs, my Little League team, were having a similar season in New Windsor. We went 22-0 that year, beating every club in the Frederick-Carroll league by a big score, and did it with a catcher who didn't even hit .300. That was me. My weak bat and squat body made me an unlikely starter, but I had the position nailed down because I was the only kid in town willing to get my hand bruised catching Danny Hartzler and Satchel Hill, the two fastballing 12-year-old pitchers who took us to the pennant that year.

The next season, with Hartz and Satch off pitching for the Babe Ruth league team, the Cubs found themselves short-handed in the pitching department. But not according to Coach Wilson. "What we really have here is a wonderful opportunity," he said. "There's another Satch or Hartz on this team; it's just a matter of finding him." And for the next three weeks I was bouncing around behind the plate, short-hopping curves and chasing fastballs to the backstop, as a parade of would-be pitchers went through the coach's grand audition.

Then one evening, after a poorly pitched 16-4 loss, Coach sulked up, gave me an appraising look and said, "Couple of nice throws to second tonight, Robbie." I nodded, spat and shoved my shin guards into the equipment sack. "Yes sir, not a bad little arm, and built just like Garcia, too. Anybody ever tell you that you look a bit like the Bear?"

As I rolled up the chest protector, I let that one sink in. I had the card Mike Garcia, the Big Bear, was one of the axes

of the Cleveland Indians' formidable pitching staff. He was a little on the heavy side and not much of a hitter, so I could see some similarities between him and me. Then Coach leaned over and whispered something that hit me harder than a foul tip. "Listen, Robbie, do me a favor," he said. "Bring your fielder's glove to practice Saturday. I've a hunch you just might be our Bear."

Ironically, Coach Wilson's latest trial balloon (me on the mound) and our new outfield fence both went up on the same day. The Cub Boosters, a group of the team's fathers, had spent the better part of Saturday stretching a red snow fence around the outfield, and by 6 p.m. batting practice a regulation barrier was up, 200 feet down the lines and to center, accord-



ing to the regulations of Little League headquarters in Williamsport.

The butterflies dancing in my stomach as I warmed up were wasting their time. No one had even noticed me there on the sidelines—perhaps because I didn't look much like a pitcher. I was still throwing the ball by taking it back behind my ear and cocking my wrist as if I were pegging it to second. Then, when Coach put his arm around me and we started walking toward the mound for BP, heads began to turn. By the time I'd toed the rubber, half the team was storming the bat rack shouting "Dibs!" and grabbing bats like there was some kind of lumber shortage. The butterflies turned to bile. Giving up

my spot behind the plate, where I called the shoes and controlled the game, just to be another one of Coach's guinea pigs wasn't exactly my idea of a good time.

For the next half hour I was subjected to a public flogging. Line drives screamed to all fields, booming shots bounced off the new fence and when everybody but the bat boy had had his way with me, Herbie Weller, our cleanup hitter, dug in again and deposited the next three pitches over the barrier in left, 10 rows deep into an adjacent cornfield.

When it came to spotting tears Coach Wilson had the eyes of a hawk. I'd barely choked back my first sob when I saw him hustling out toward the mound, smiling as if I'd just one-hit the Yankees. "O.K., Bear," he said, "let's rest that old arm. We want to have a little something left for Union Bridge on Monday."

That evening, as I lingered in the shower, I racked my brain trying to come up with a way to get out of pitching that Monday. When I got out of the shower, I caught a glimpse of my reflection in the full-length mirror on the back of our bathroom door. I stood there naked as a blue jay, scowled for a second or two, pulled up my left cheek, fired an imaginary stream of tobacco juice off toward the sink and went into my windup. One look at that bring-it-back-behind-the-ear business and my troubles were over. I was ecstatic. No wonder I'd been hit so hard. Catchers don't pitch, they peg!

My first step toward developing a windup was to pull the Garcia card from my collection and tape it to the left of the mirror, just above the bathtub. A picture of the Bear standing there scowling in as a hitter made the ideal visual aid as I pumped, kicked and threw, psyching myself up for Monday. "Garcia looks into Hegan, gets the sign. The Bear's been throwing bullets by these Yankees tonight," the voice of my imaginary announcer intoned. "Here's the pitch. Steeerk three! And Mantle's caught looking!" On game day Union Bridge wouldn't see some fat little catcher on the mound. By then I'd have faced hundreds of big league batters and be a seasoned veteran with a major league windup.

But on Monday evening when Coach Wilson plunked the ball in my glove, gave me the old "Go get 'em, Bear" and walked off the mound, I knew this wasn't going to be like the mirror games I'd been pitching in our upstairs bathroom. My knees were weak, and by the time I'd fin-

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"I dreamed of Ali last night. We were in a ring, fighting someplace. In the seventh round, the seventh or eighth, he was saying, 'Don't knock me out...Don't knock me out!' I says to him, 'You gotta get out of here, man. You gotta get the hell out of here!' And then the next thing I remember is we was standing together under a tree, the best of friends. That's what I dreamed last night."

Where did this Larry Holmes quote appear? Where else—in William Nack's article *The Man Who Would Be Champ* in *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED*, where the dreams and dedication of an individual are as important to the story as the action in the sport he plays.

Sports Illustrated
America's Sports Newsweekly

REMINISCENCE *continued*

ished warming up in the steamy heat, my uniform was as wet as a Preacher Roe spitter. Then the P.A. cracked and popped and a scratchy rendition of the national anthem began to play. Off behind the backstop, packed in with their fellow boosters, my parents stood proudly. Cub caps covering their hearts, singing their lungs out. My knees were knocking in time to the music, and I let my hand slide down deep into my back pocket to rub the Garcia card for luck.

Perhaps the heat and the excitement of the game scrambled my brain because, to this day, the details remain a blur. I remember sweating, shaking and walking my way into trouble in the early innings and then rubbing the card and having the defense bail me out. The first play to save the day, a circus catch in the second inning, was pulled off by Donnie Ecker, our 8-year-old second baseman, who raced down the rightfield line, dived and pulled in a pop fly destined to be a double. In the third, with two of my walks dancing off first and second, I felt a sudden numbness in my glove, a line drive I never saw. The Cub Boosters stood and yelled in unison to celebrate my lucky catch. The inning was over and, miraculously, Union Bridge was still without a hit or run.

As I began to pitch the fourths, things seemed to get better, a little bit like back in '54 when we'd won it all. I had a four-run lead, a bubble-gum card that was working miracles and a two-strike, no-ball count on the batter. Then this wonderful sensation came, a feeling like something I'd never experienced before or would again. I reached back for a little something extra from the card and fired a fastball; it caught the outside corner of the plate for a called third strike, and behold me all hell broke loose.

"Come Bear. Come Babe, Hum Bear, Hum Chuck," the infield chanted. I rubbed the card, tugged my cap and was in that other world—the zone—that athletes talk about. I felt invincible. I'd made believers of my teammates. Now there was no way Union Bridge or anybody else could hit me. "Hum, you Bear," the infield chanted. "Come Babe, Come Bear." The next five Union Bridge batters went down in order—four on strikeouts, the fifth grounding weakly to first.

As I came in to the bench after pitching the fifth inning of the six-inning game, I was still under the ether, pacing back and forth, shaking hands, too excit-

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REMINISCENCE continued

ed to notice the commotion going on down at the end of the bench by the medicine chest. Then as I walked down that way to pick up a salt tablet or two, the gist of the conversation between Coach Wilson and our bar boy came in loud and clear. "Heck, I never said 'no-hitter,'" the kid said, and the word was out. The spell was broken.

The next 10 or 15 minutes were the scariest and most exciting of my 11-year life. For one inning I was out there all alone, the words "no-hitter" echoing in my ears, yanking at my cap, rubbing the card, praying for God and Mike Garcia to pull me out. From the batter all the way back to the boosters everything seemed to be moving, waving back and forth like wheat in the wind. The windup I'd developed was gone—I was back to pecking again—and somewhere off in the distance, through the din, I could hear the Cubs, their voices an octave higher now, singing, "Hum Bear, Hum Babe, Hum Chuck, Hum Fire."

I don't recall how the first two hitters were retired, only that, when Ronnie Stately, their cleanup hitter, stepped in and began wigwagging his bat, the moment had arrived. I was one out away from pitching a (even now I shudder to say it) no-hitter. I turned, looked off toward the flag in center, took a quick hit on the card and came in with the pitch. The bat cracked like a rifle, and the rest is an instant replay that I'll be calling up until the day I die. As I wheeled and looked toward leftfield, Herbie, the third baseman, was already airborne, hanging parallel to the ground like some kind of little acrobat. Then he fell facedown on the grass in short leftfield and rolled once. His glove came up and there, perched in its web like a 5¢ scoop of vanilla ice cream, was the ball. In an instant he was up and racing to the mound to hand me the souvenir of my no-hitter.

Unfortunately, my pitching performances after that game were less than memorable, and by the end of the 1955 season I was back behind the plate. But I was able to accept my rapid rise and sudden fall. I'd never really thought of myself as anything but a catcher. And even now I can't seem to see the memorabilia as proof of any great pitching feat. Instead, I think of the ball, the card and the box score as just mementos, pleasant reminders of a day when a catcher was called on to pitch and was lucky enough to get it right the first time.

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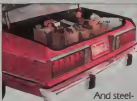
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On The Scene

By ED DAVIS

VISIT HORRIE SINCLAIR'S NEW ZEALAND SWAMP AND YOU'LL SURELY BAG DUCKS

Horrie (Horrie) Sinclair is a rotund little man with innocent white hair and hard gray eyes. His face is ruddy from a life spent outdoors and from good Scotch whisky. Scotsmen settled the south of New Zealand, and the burr in his voice reveals that heritage.

"I caught these two blokes trespassing and told them to give me their shotguns," he said to me one day. "One of them said he was a justice of the peace and knew the law—that I couldn't legally take their guns. I grabbed it out of his hands and gave him the butt the way I learned to do it in the war. The other bloke handed his over nice like."

He reflected for a moment, then added, "I'd die for my property."

His property is 779 acres of freshwater swamp near Dunedin, New Zealand. Much of it is dense with native flax bush and mushroomlike hummocks of "cutty grass," interspersed with open ponds and lagoons. Twenty-two years ago, Horrie bought it for \$4,000, which he had borrowed and which was equal to his annual income. He turned down \$250,000 for it two years ago, and he has fought legal battles to forestall drainage projects that would lower the water level, making it even more valuable to developers, but not to him.

Horrie is a duck hunter. He likes his swamp just the way he has made it, using nothing but good management and grit, turning it into a waterfowling paradise.

As with most paradises, there is always the threat of encroachment. Horrie has done his share of posching and now knows how to deal with it. He once camped on an island in the swamp for 28 consecutive days, firing occasional shots toward the sound of intruders in the night. Hard feelings from those days still linger. Mentioning his name in a local pub produces a very dense silence. The poachers eventually got the idea, however, and nowadays no one enters the swamp without an invitation.

Because he limits hunting to three weekends of the season, which starts in April or May and varies in length according to the duck population, and the num-

ber of hunters to a maximum of 40, invitations are hard to come by. They're unsullied by monetary considerations, it's illegal to charge for hunting in New Zealand. Besides, the shooting is too precious to be given a mere price tag.

The hunters assembled in the foggy darkness of an opening morning last year are mostly close relatives, old friends and their children. They range in age from puberty to the mid-70s. Camouflage clothing is rare, and one of them inspects the camouflage coveralls of a special guest, a Yank, with a flashlight.

"My God!" he says. "What is it? A mallard-domestic cross?"

Outsiders, sifted from the some 300 requests Horrie receives annually, are occasionally invited to shoot. The year before, the honored guest was an Italian who'd won an Olympic gold medal in skeet.

"He was a capital shot," Horrie says, "but me and my mate are better on live game."

Horrie and his mate make their living as rabbit exterminators. They shoot shotguns every day of their working lives, often while standing in the back of a moving Land Rover. Their skill is legendary, and the Yank, a mediocre shot, is apprehensive about how he'll measure up.

PHOTOGRAPH BY RICHARD DRAKE



The conversation turns to the weather (the consensus is that the fog will hurt the shooting) and the duck population. Estimates range from 60,000 to 100,000 birds seen on the swamp the day before from a distant hill.

Nobody enters the swamp for one month before the season or between shooting weekends. As the season nears, more and more people thrash around in the adjacent public shooting reserves and private wetlands—scouting, building blinds or camouflaging old ones. By the tens of thousands, the ducks quit these areas and pour into the restful quiet of Horrie's swamp, joining the thousands of others that breed there.

Horrie assembles a fleet of 27 boats, one for each of the blinds he has allowed the regulars to build to his specifications. Wearing waders, he brings a boat from the cache area to an earth bank beside the parking lot. Holding the boat until the hunters are aboard, he shoves it into the darkness, then goes for another. Finally he embarks the Yank and rows him into the quiet darkness, finding his way through the channels with an ease born of long practice.

"I don't allow outboard motors," he explains in answer to a question. "Besides the noise, they get oil in the water. The ducks don't like it."

Our blind is located in dense vegetation surrounding 20 acres of open water. It's magnificent, a beautifully designed structure on piles with a roof over the back part, and equipped with stools, ammunition boxes and a camouflaged mooring for the boat, with a dock. In some ways, it's more imposing than Horrie's home in a nearby village, a somewhat cluttered and dilapidated bachelor's residence with an outdoor toilet. The Yank remarks on the contrast.

"A man has to keep his priorities straight," Horrie says.

There's a small spread of decoys before the blind. Horrie provides the decoys for all the blinds, limiting each to exactly 10. A native gray duck swims in over the outer edge of the spread, just visible in the misty light.

"Take him," Horrie says.

The Yank misses with the top barrel, increases his lead and connects with the second. Horrie removes a rail from a plastic cup and inserts it into a cribbage-board-like counter.

"Twenty-four to go now," he says. "Whoops! Shoot!"

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ON THE SCENE continued

A pair of mallards have appeared out of the fog. The Yank drops one among the decoys, but holds his fire on the other. It's still well within range but would fall among the flax-bush and cutty-grass stools and be lost.

Pleased with himself, the Yank lights a cigarette to celebrate. Before he can take more than a couple of puffs, Horrie uses his duck call. It produces a sound unlike any other on the planet. The ducks like it, however. They come in bunches. The Yank can't reload fast enough.

A rare cripple starts swimming for cover. Horrie bounds atop the blind's roof to get a steeper angle and stops it with a shot. A wedge of huge black swans, which are protected, wing by so close that their eyes, looking at Horrie atop the blind, are clearly visible. More ducks, a mixture of spoonbills, mallards and grays, arrive all at once.

After an hour, the Yank is aware that the fog has burned off. He can see the decoys marking the three other blinds around the pond and ducks falling when the other hunters shoot. There are 15 nails in his end of the counter and only three in Horrie's. The host has been shooting only when ducks appeared while his guest was reloading.

Horrie takes the bait and begins retrieving ducks before the slight breeze can blow them into the cover. A mallard comes over too high for the Yank's open-choked gun. Horrie stands up in the boat and drops it with the fully choked barrel of his side-by-side double. Hoos, catcalls and cries of "Show-off" come from the other blinds.

An hour later, the Yank has 22 nails in his end of the counter and is only shooting at the fast, twisting spoonbills to avoid limiting out too soon. A small duck rockets in toward the decoys, and he drops it just as Horrie yells, "Teal!"

Catastrophe!

Gray teal are protected, and Horrie is a volunteer ranger, legally empowered to enforce game laws. Horrie is also deeply involved in the gray teal propagation efforts of Ducks Unlimited New Zealand, of which he's the only honorary board member. The Yank worries that permanent banishment, instead of another day's shooting, seems likely.

Now filled with fear, the Yank finishes out his bag with mallard drakes, telling himself that even he can't confuse a gray teal with that big, gaudy duck. Horrie finally starts taking every shot

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ON THE SCENE continued

an illegal game presented. It rains ducks.

There are 50 nails in the counter by midmorning, and Horrie goes retrieving behind the blind. He rejects the Yank's offer to help, insisting that it's an art. Hopping from one hummock to another, he avoids falling into the waist-deep water and muck between them. He returns with one of the three ducks dropped in the thick cover.

"A dog couldn't get through, and its feet would be slashed to ribbons by the cutty grass," he says, explaining the scarcity of canine retrievers.

Back at the parking lot, the other hunters straggle in, obedient to Horrie's rule that everyone must be out of the swamp by noon when there's shooting the next day. Flights of ducks are already winging into the now silent swamp from all directions, hastened by the sound of continued shooting in the surrounding areas. There's no need for Horrie's hunters to stay. They have all bugged the hunt.

An improvised bar is set up on the trailer of Horrie's Land Rover to lubricate the old legends being recounted and the new ones created.

Some wives stop by to see how the shooting has gone. When he talks to them, Horrie's manner has a touch of the old-fashioned courtness sometimes seen in lifelong bachelors. When he talks with his nephews and the other youngsters, there's an unmistakable gentleness in his voice.

Despite these hints of compassion, the Yank is despondent. The slain gray teal weighs heavily on his spirit. After three hours of suspense, Horrie departs with a cheerful, "See you tomorrow."

Pardon—or at least probation

The next day is a duplicate of the previous one with two differences—there isn't any fog, and the Yank avoids shooting anything he shouldn't. He delays his departure until he can't wait any longer without risk of missing his plane. Finally, he shakes hands with his host and gives his heartfelt thanks.

Eyes twinkling, Horrie says, "If you're in New Zealand next year, come shoot here again. You're welcome anytime."

"Jeezus!" the Yank says. "I thought you'd never ask."

What the hell, he thinks. The car ought to make it for another year, and the house doesn't need a new roof all that much. As Horrie says, a man has to keep his priorities straight.

END

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PERSPECTIVE

by ARNOLD BENSON

HEAVEN IS ON THE CUTTING EDGE WHEN THIS WOODSMAN HAS AN AX TO GRIND

For years I was convinced that dry-fly fishermen were in the same nut league as amateur oboe players, that their sanity was suspended on a gossamer thread or tippet. My brother had a dry-fly friend who, as soon as it was warm enough each spring—and sometimes before it was warm enough—submerged his wife in a swimming pool and floated that year's crop of hand-tied beauties over her, in order to quiz her afterward on what she thought they looked like to a trout.

So for years I believed that the dry-fly fisherman was the ultimate in unhinged fanaticism. But now I am not so sure. An awareness has sunk in that I am a nut myself. I am a nut about axes. The things you chop with.

To me, axes are beautiful.

You don't weigh axes in fractions of ounces, or in any precise way. You heft them, and you learn to know a three-pound head from a 3½-pound head.

You don't buy them as fancy stores; you con people out of them when you find rusted, split-handled relics in their barns or garages. Or you pick them up for a dollar or two, the heads anyway, at tag sales.

I remember discovering two good but rusted and naked ax heads at a tag sale at a farm and standing in the barn discussing them with the owner, who was wearing overalls—the kind you buy from a Sears catalogue, not Bloomingdale's. In one hand I held a really good-looking ax head only slightly rusted, slightly nicked, with graceful lines and a classic curve to the heavy back of the head opposite the blade edge. The tag on that one read \$1. In my other hand I held a somewhat ugly broad-bladed ax head, pitted as well as rusted, but the tag on that one said \$2.

"Why is this one this dollar?" I asked, holding up the better-looking head. "And this old one two dollars?"

The man looked at me with disdain. "Because it's a better ax head," he said.

I felt diminished, of course. In time I learned why it was better. Today, derusted, sharpened, fitted with a 28-inch handle, the ugly \$2 purchase has become my next to favorite ax.

I've spent more time than I like to admit cleaning up old ax heads with rust remover and steel wool or pot cleaners like Golden Fleece or Brillo or Curly Kate or whatever happened to be handy, and a lot more time with the ax heads in a vise, working out nicks and getting an even edge with a flat file.

I've searched country hardware stores for good 28-inch or 30-inch hickory ax handles, known technically as "helves." (Finding good helves never has been easy, and it's getting harder as well as more expensive all the time.) I've spent long and laborious hours working on the head ends of the helves with coarse sandpaper, getting them down to the size at which they can be pounded into the cleaned-up ax head for the exact hard fit I want. Into the slotted head ends I drive home triangular soft-pine wedges to set the ax head for good, and then chisel the excess off cleanly. Then I touch up the edge with a Carborundum stone.

After a long time an ax head might show signs of loosening, as the wedges



season and shrink, but it's a simple matter to tighten the helve in the head again with the small metal wedges made expressly for that purpose. You find these wedges in country hardware stores as wide a variety of sizes and shapes as frozen pizzas at your local supermarket.

Once you've restored your axes you can sit back and just look at them or you can lovingly test the edges with your thumb, or you can invite particularly astute and appreciative friends to view your collection.

Or you can go outside in the fresh air and swing one.

Now, I have nothing against exercise for the sake of exercise—for other people. They tell me it makes them feel better afterward. I'm sure that's true. But so, too, do you feel better after you've stopped hitting yourself on the head with a hammer. Exercise for the sake of exercise? Exertion that's its own reward? Not for me. Exercise like that is just exercise, and I say the hell with it. What do you get out of it? Take jogging. You hurt a little, you sweat a lot, you shake up your insides and you get bitten by dogs.

In bicycling, your thighs hurt, your tires go flat and you get hit by cars. Walking, you get mugged. Swimming, you get water in your ears or you get stung by Portuguese men-of-war. Playing softball, you run into second basemen under pop flies.

In touch football you twist your ankle. In basketball it's the knee, to say nothing of dizzy spells and lost contact lenses. In tennis you get blisters and sunstroke, and the elbow, also anger and aggravation, which holds, too, for golf and bowling, along with self-disgust.

And as you engage in those pursuits, people look at you with pity, or loathing. But swinging an ax is an entirely different matter. Cutting wood. There's exercise, and, damn it, there's satisfaction, and fulfillment, and reward.

Naturally, this requires a tree. I use a chain saw to make the big lower notch in a standing dead tree, but I cut the higher, smaller notch on the opposite side of the trunk with an ax. When you make those cuts with an ax you can hear that first almost inaudible warning crack as the tree starts to lean, and you can vee back in awed satisfaction as it falls, right where you wanted it to fall. If you use a chain saw all the way through, you can't hear anything. You can't hear yourself think.

I do use a chain saw to cut the limbs and trunk into burnable lengths, because I'm not a total fool, but I use an ax all I can. I lop off the limbs and branches of felled trees with a sharp ax, evenly, cleanly, as close to the trunk as possible, and then split stove lengths to size with a dull ax. Though some people swear by a maul—a sledge with one sharp end—for splitting big logs, I find it cumbersome, uncomfortable for me to use, and even the lighter, six-pound heads give me elbow twinges. So I use wedges and a sledgehammer to break big logs down to

ax-splitting size I really have nothing against the maul. It's just that I love splitting wood with an ax.

To me, swinging an ax is the best exercise known to man. You have something to show for it, in the neat mounting woodpile. You keep on enjoying the exercise long after it's over, all winter long, because you see the results of your labor burning in front of you, keeping you warm. Last winter I saved close to a thousand dollars on oil bills by burning wood that I'd cut. That's the kind of exercise I feel good after.

Just swinging an ax—it's something like swinging a bat, only better. There's as much satisfaction in chopping off a limb close to the trunk with one clean swing of a sharp ax as there is in getting a fine-drive base hit with a man on third. And if you indulge in fantasies of yourself at the plate with a bat in your hands and people on the bases—then, well, you can have better fantasies with an ax in your hands. There's no pressure. Nobody's watching. Take two and hit to right. Hot damn. There goes another limb, with one swing. One nice swing.

Then there is the business of the wood itself. My favorite is ash. Ash trees tend to grow straight and tall, with few limbs and branches, and in western Massachusetts where I live, some kind of killing disease has gotten to many ashes, so that it's fairly common to find dead ash trees standing in the woods. The main reason for my love of ash is its straight-grained quality: Once it's sawed into lengths, you barely have to swing an ax in the direction of the logs to split them. It seems that all you have to do to split the logs is to look at them a little cross-eyed and make vague motions with the ax. Also, ash seasons quickly. Even green ash will burn just fine only a couple of months after it's been cut.

Traditionally, hickory is the best of the hardwoods for burning, but it's difficult to find and it doesn't split quite as easily as ash. The same goes for oak, and for maple, which takes a long time to season. Elm is nearly unsplittable, but I don't fight it. I leave it alone. Precisely because of its resistance to splitting, elm was once used to fashion the hubs of wagon wheels. The best—the longest- and warmest-burning—of all hardwoods is apple, but you don't find dead apple trees in the woods unless those woods happened to be an orchard a good while ago.

Dead wild cherry is easy to find, and

commonly used, but it's not really good firewood. I found that out the hard way, a long time ago. I was living near Croton-on-Hudson, N.Y., which may seem to be country to some, but isn't. You had to scrounge for wood there, asking permission to cut dead trees on private property, getting fresh-felled wood from areas where workmen stretching power lines had been clearing space. My closest neighbor when I lived there in the early '60s was one of the pioneer hippies, beard and bang and all. He told me of a supply of cut and stacked firewood that was just sitting there getting ready to rot. It was in a field at a nearby nunnery, he told me. The wood would never be burned, he said. Workmen had simply felled some offending cherry trees and cut and stacked the wood to get it out of the way. We would be doing the nuns a favor to take it away.

He thought it would be best if we did them this favor at night, so we went there in the moonlight. All we had to do was step over a low barbed-wire fence, go to the woodpile and carry it back to his Volkswagen and my Saab. My flower-child friend was 6' 4", and the step over the barbed-wire fence was nothing to him. I'm 5' 9", and stepping over the barbed wire was one hell of a step for me. After only two trips with armloads of wood I quit.

Later, burning what little wood I'd brought out from the sacramental woodpile, I had a distinct notion that it burned in my fireplace with a little blue halo of smoke over each log. Also it burned too fast and gave little heat.

I've probed deeply to fathom where my feeling for wood and axes comes from, and I've finally settled on G. A. Henty. At an early age I was given a carton of books with yellowed and brittle pages from some older cousin's attic, and for a long time I was steeped in Henty tales of Colonial times, of Revolutionary War scouts in canoes with long-barreled rifles and long-handled axes. Canoes, rifles and axes—three symbols of manhood to me when I was nine, 10 and 11. I learned to handle a canoe with competence, and with a .22 rifle I could hit whatever I aimed at. Both were fun, but I have little interest in either today. They lack reality. What practical good are skills with a canoe or rifle today? They're about as useful as being expert in repairing Essex cars.

But an ax, now . . .

END

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First Person

by STEVE RAYMOND

A SELF-TAUGHT FLY-FISHERMAN TELLS OF THE WOES OF LEARNING BY THE BOOK

America's trout streams fairly bristle with fly rods these days, thanks largely to the increasing number of fly-fishing schools. These schools have brought expert casting instruction within the reach of almost everyone who's interested, which is quite a contrast to the way things used to be. There was a time not so very long ago when many would-be fly-fishermen learned casting the hard way—by teaching themselves.

I know, because I was one of them. My only teacher was a book about casting. It was filled with illustrations that made the whole procedure look easy, and it inspired me to purchase a new fiber-glass rod, line and reel and to teach myself to fly cast.

Not having any water conveniently at hand and feeling the self-consciousness of a beginner, I chose an empty pasture as a place to start. It was a cold, snowy

ing to put yourself on the head with one hand while rubbing your tummy with the other.

Getting the hang of that was difficult enough, but the real dilemma was what to do with the book. With both hands otherwise occupied, there was no convenient way to hold the book, and the snow would run it if I put it on the ground. I tried clutching it between my knees and sticking it inside my belt, but both were uncomfortable. Finally I discovered I could hold it precariously by sandwiching it between my ribs and the elbow of my casting arm, although my casting motion was somewhat inhibited as a result.

(Later, I was to learn that an old British method of casting instruction called for the student to place a book under his casting arm and hold it there by pressing it against his side. This was supposed to teach him to keep his elbow close to his side, which the British apparently considered good form, but I wonder if the tradition wasn't really started by someone who learned to cast the same way I did—from a book he literally couldn't put down.)

The book advised that some beginning casters find it helpful to count out the steps of the cast as they perform them. "The best way to do this is to stretch out the word 'one' through the entire movement of the rod during the back cast," it said. "Two" comes at the completion of the back cast as the rod starts forward. And "three" comes at the completion of the forward cast. "I tried it, and it didn't work. By the time I got to 'two,' the line usually was already on the ground, and I was using four-letter words

instead of 'one, two, three.'"

All that day I flailed away in the pasture, pausing only to refer to the book or to pick away at the knots that formed in my line and quickly froze there. The cold seeped through my shoes, and soon my feet were numb, but I didn't mind—perhaps because I was preoccupied with the pain in my casting arm, where the sharp corners of the book were wearing away the skin of my biceps.

Progress was slow, and by the time winter darkness fell in the afternoon, it was all I could do to get out 25 feet of line, and then only about once in every

three or four tries. But my feeling of discouragement went away just as soon as I was able to throw out my feet in front of a wood stove.

The next morning I started out with renewed determination, and results came more rapidly. By early afternoon I had made a long cast of 45 feet and was hitting 40 feet with fair consistency. The knots and tangles were less frequent, and I didn't feel the need to consult the book so often. But just as I was starting to gain confidence, my casts started falling short again. No matter how hard I tried, 40 feet suddenly seemed an impossible distance. Something obviously was wrong.

I stopped then to take a close look at my new fly line, and the cause of my difficulty was immediately apparent. Hours of being beaten on the frozen stubble had worn away the finish on the line, reducing it to a long length of fuzz. It was like trying to cast a 40-foot caterpillar. Fortunately the line was a double taper, the kind you can switch around after one end has worn out. When I did that, 40-foot casts became possible again.

The book described many different casts—the backhand cast, negative and positive curves, switch casts, change-of-direction casts and others. At the outset, I felt I had to learn them all to be a proficient fisherman. But after two days of struggling in the pasture, I decided that being able to deposit a fly in front of me, with the line between the fly and my rod more or less straight, was enough to start with.

For about 10 days after that first weekend I suffered a bad cold and a sore arm, but as soon as the ill effects wore off I resumed practicing, looking forward to the mid-April opening of trout season. Finally the big day came, and I drove to a swampy lake reputed to hold some large brook trout.

Small flies were hovering over the surface of the lake, and when I got out of the car, several of them promptly settled on my hands and neck and bit me. So, following the fly-fisherman's precept of "matching the hatch," I selected a No. 16 Mosquito and tied it to the end of my leader. Then I launched my car-top boat and began rowing slowly along the shoreline, watching for the telltale signs of a feeding fish.

After a while I saw the dorsal fin of a large trout gently cleave the calm surface, leaving an impressive ripple in its wake. Conveniently, it was only 40 feet away.

continued



weekend in February when I first went out there. The hay had been cut in late summer, leaving a sharp stubble that was now frozen and sticking up through the snow, but I didn't consider the consequences this might have for my new fly line. I was too intent on learning.

Upon consulting the photographs in the book, which I had brought along for handy reference, I soon learned that fly casting is a two-handed proposition: One hand holds the rod while the other keeps tension on the line. This means both hands are engaged simultaneously, doing very different things. It's a little like try-

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FIRST PERSON continued

With mounting excitement, I got to my feet and began switching the rod back and forth, working out line. At what I thought was just the right moment, I let go and threw hard at the spot where the trout had been. Loops of line flew in a great blur, and I was vaguely aware that something had gone terribly wrong. I wasn't immediately sure what, however, because by then my eyes were tightly closed.

When I opened them again I could see the line on the water. It went straight out for about 10 feet, then curved back on itself. I followed it with my eyes, back to the boat, up over the side, down onto the deck, twice around my shoe and up my leg. At about knee level the line ended and the leader began. Tracing it with a finger, I followed the leader up the rest of my leg, past my heel, up to my chin, past my mouth—and into my left nostril. Somewhere inside my nose was a No. 16 dry fly.

Slowly, carefully, I put down the rod. Now I could feel the hackles of the tiny fly tickling the inside of my nostril, and I clenched my teeth and fought back a terrible urge to sneeze. Gently—very gently—I took hold of the leader, fervently praying the hook hadn't caught inside my nose. Still gripping my teeth, I gave the leader a gentle tug. The fly popped out cleanly.

After that I sat down, shook for a while at the thought of what might have been and wiped my watering eyes. The trout had vanished long ago, of course, and I couldn't get within 40 feet of another one all the rest of that day.

But on my very next trip I caught a few trout, and the trip after that yielded a few more; by the end of my first season as a fly caster, I had good reason to believe that no trout could feel safe if it came within 50 feet of me. What's more important, I was even beginning to feel reasonably safe myself.

Now, after nearly two decades of practice and experience, I can cast just about as far as I want, with ease and even hold my own with all those folks who went to the schools. And right about this point, you probably expect the moral of the story—something about how being a self-taught caster builds character, teaches humility and inspires a much greater appreciation of the sport.

Well, you're wrong. The moral is that if I had it all to do over again, I'd go to one of those schools.

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Edited by GAY FLOOD

THE 49ERS' NEHEMIAH
Sir,

Wonderful! First, my all-star but ill-fated Rams finish below par in 1981 and the dreaded 49ers go on to win Super Bowl XVI. Now, San Francisco gets Renaldo (Skirts) Nehemiah, a world-record-setting hurdler, to help its cause! "But Can He Take a Hit?" April 26). I can well imagine NFL defenders attempting to cover him on his lightning-quick pass routes. If Nehemiah gets behind the defense, it will be 88 and out the gate!

I have spent many hours watching in awe as Nehemiah breezed to victories in the hurdles at the University of Maryland. If he does only half as well in pro football, I have but two words for the "Anaheim" Rams and the rest of the league: Good luck!

THOMAS GILLEN
Alexandria, Va

Sir,

As a track fan, I thoroughly enjoyed your article on Renaldo Nehemiah's switch to pro football. But one thing bothers me: Why do the experts seem to think he can't take a hit? It can't be because they feel he's not up to it physically; we're talking about a world-class sprinter with the strength of a tughe end and the flexibility of a gymnast. Aren't strength and flexibility among the primary traits a player needs to reduce the risk of injury? Maybe the pros are worried about his mental toughness. But again, we're talking about a man who was at the top of his field for four years. The training he endured and the competition he engaged in were of an intensity that few athletes ever experience. He's as mentally tough as they come.

LEE V. WILLIAMS III
Dallas

Sir,

One is tempted to admire Renaldo Nehemiah for his disdain of false modesty. One is also tempted to wonder how long it will take him to learn true humility from the secondaries of those teams whose administrators he characterizes as buffoons. My bet is that he becomes modest before he becomes the world's greatest wide receiver.

R J BOXWELL JR
San Leandro, Calif

PATRIOTS: NEW AND OLD

Sir,

Thank you for Jack McCallum's fine article on Kenneth Sims (It's Sims, or So It Seems, April 26). As a Texas fan, I have made the trip from Houston to Austin many times. I have seen some of the greats walk out on the field at Memorial Stadium and have watched Sims as a starter for two years. My only regret is

that Houston didn't have the first pick in the NFL draft instead of New England.

JEFF WALLIS
Houston

Sir,

Like all athletes, I enjoy seeing my name in *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED*. However, I didn't appreciate the context in which my name was used in Jack McCallum's article on Ken Sims and the New England Patriots. McCallum's remark about my being "too small" indicates that he has very limited knowledge of what it takes to be an athlete. If I were too small, I'm sure I wouldn't have lasted the past nine years with the Patriots. Before the 1981 season, I had started 110 consecutive games and played in 117 out of 118 games. Are these the statistics of a person who is too small? If so, all athletes should be too small.

As far as being finished at nose tackle, please don't retire me prematurely. When I'm finished, I will be the first person to say so.

RAY HAMILTON
Sharon, Mass.

CONSIDERING A STRIKE
Sir,

Having only one year's experience in the NFL, as an offensive guard for the Green Bay Packers, I haven't yet been exposed to all the treacheries and indignities we players are supposed to be suffering at the hands of the owners. Therefore, I feel that it's up to Ed Garvey and my fellow players to convince me that I should put my young career on the line by participating in a strike. Besides having to consider the vague plan of attack proposed by Garvey and the Players' Executive Committee, those of us who are still wrestling with the issues must now ponder the flippant remark about "the apathetic 1,000 who didn't come to the convention" made by Gary Fencik in your April 5 SCORECARD. His comment shows a lack of sensitivity to those of us who couldn't attend the players' convention in New Mexico because of a lack of funds or previous business or family commitments.

Instead of exhibiting contempt for the absent members, Fencik should have been more tolerant and flexible. After all, if we don't receive such civilities within our own ranks, how can we expect the same from the owners, which is what we want in the first place?

TIMOTHY HUFFMAN
Dallas

ARGUELLO

Sir,

Considering that boxing is a sport in which the biggest names—not necessarily the best fighters—receive most of the media coverage, Clive Gannon's article on Alexis Arguello

(*Home Is Where the Heart Is*, April 26) is perceptive in revealing what many observers have overlooked: Arguello is today's best boxer. Moreover, Arguello's place in history as an all-time great hasn't been won in the ring alone. As described in the article, his conduct—as a sportsman and as a man—has won him the respect of millions. His contribution to boxing is important, because he brings professionalism and dignity to a sport badly in need of both.

MATT REEBEN
Detroit, Ill.

Sir,

With WBC and WBA championships in every division and the addition of junior categories to certain weight classes, it would be difficult for a contemporary fighter to avoid winning a title of some kind. Therefore, to equate Alexis Arguello's achievement with the truly remarkable accomplishment of Henry Armstrong is absurd. It's easier to be a champion today than it was to be a contender during Armstrong's era.

LARRY BURTON
Lynnfield, Mass.

Sir,

Thank you for your article on Alexis Arguello. I'm not an avid boxing fan, but because I've met Arguello, his career is one I have followed. I had the pleasure of spending 10 days with Dr. Eduardo Ramon and his family in Mustang in June of 1978. While I was there, Alexis took me water skiing and even participated with me in an exhibition swimming race at the Central American Age Group Championships. He's a person who loves life and sharing it with others. I wish him and his family all the success there is.

DEBBIE MEYER RYLES
1968 Olympian
Citrus Heights, Calif.

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Sir,

Trying to deliberately hit a batter in the head has no place in baseball, just as hitting an opponent over the head with a stick has no place in hockey, but when SI singles out one pitcher, the Cubs' Dickie Noles (SCORECARD, April 19), as the main culprit in major league baseball, it is in error.

It seems that the old double standard is being applied. That is, it's all right to enunciate an average player, but stay away from the stars. When sportswriters, baseball fans, announcers and former players talk about the great pitchers, they speak in laudatory terms. Yet some of those pitchers struck fear in the hearts of batters. Names like Maglie, Drysdale, Marchal and Gibson are greeted with

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